

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



YOUNG VOLUME IV.
I lead the Choir and they conspire
With Voice and Shell to lift it high

Mortimer del.

Crangin sculp.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London November 20th 1777.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE REVEREND
DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?---
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing---but their praise?

SAT. I.

VOL. IV.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE REVEREND
DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

ODE TO THE KING,	PARAPH. ON PART OF JOB,
OCEAN. AN ODE,	RESIGNATION. TWO PARTS,
SEA-PIECE. AN ODE,	INSTALMENT. TOWALPOLE,
MERCHANT. AN ODE,	FOREIGN ADDRESS,

&c. &c. &c.

Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse! with truths like these
Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please.
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou;
Like just tribunals, bind an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a satire which gave none offence?
And since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me?
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend:
The world! where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all.

SAT. III.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

O D E S.

ODE, OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE SEA-SERVICE.

I THINK myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance, and I should look upon it as a great happiness if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general, that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country as oft' as occasion shall require it; a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. Speech, Jan. 27. 1727.

TO THE KING. MDCCXXVIII.

I.

OLD Ocean's praise

Demands my lays;

A truly British theme I sing;

A theme so great

I dare complete,

And join with Ocean ocean's King.

Volume IV.

A

The Roman ode
 Majestic flow'd,
 Its stream divinely clear and strong
 In sense and sound
 Thebes roll'd profound;
 The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

III.

Let Thebes nor Rome,
 So fam'd, presume
 To triumph o'er a northern isle;
 Late time shall know
 The North can glow,
 If dread Augustus deign to smile.

IV.

The naval crown
 Is all his own!
 Our fleet, if War or Commerce call,
 His will performs
 Thro' waves and storms,
 And rides in triumph round the ball.

V. TO THE KING.

No former race,
 With strong embrace,
 This theme to ravish durst aspire;
 With virgin charms
 My soul it warms,
 And melts melodious on my lyre.

VI.

My lays I file
With cautious toil;
Ye Graces ! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat :
At every stroke the work refines !

VII.

How music charms !
How metre warms !
Parent of actions good and brave,
How vice it tames !
And worth inflames !
And holds prond empire o'er the grave !

VIII.

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom ;
Wit scorns the grave ;
To wit he gave
The life of gods immortal bloom !

IX.

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, as years advance ;
Since while life lasts
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning Fate and fickle Chance ;

XI.

Nor life is long,
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, Death's pallid shore ;
We make at least
Of bad the best,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we soar.

XI.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride ;
With those we list to life we live ;
By Fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

XII.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays
Like his with whom my lay begun,
" Justice sincere,
" And courage clear,
" Rise the two columns of his throne.

XIII.

" How form'd for sway !
" Who look obey,
" They read the monarch in his port :
" Their love and awe
" Supply the law,
" And his own lustre makes the court."

On yonder height
What golden light
Triumphant shines! and shines alone.
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the sun; 'tis Britain's throne.

XV.

Our monarch there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
Like British oak,
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XVI.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an am'rous maid;
While interest wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XVII.

At his proud foot
The sea, pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies;
'Thence wealth and state,
And pow'r and fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

XVII.

From what we view
 We take the clue
 Which leads from great to greater things:
 Men doubt no more,
 But gods adore,
 When such resemblance shines in kings.

OCEAN.

AN ODE.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.

I.

SWEET rural scene
 Of flocks and green!
 At careless ease my limbs are spread;
 All Nature still
 But yonder rill,
 And list'ning pines nod o'er my head.

II.

In prospect wide
 The boundless tide!
 Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
 Without a breeze
 The curling seas
 Dance on in measure to the shore.

III.

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force?
Vast field of commerce and big war,
Where wonders dwell!
Where terrors swell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? where are they,
Whom Pœan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?
What! none aspire?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave resounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my song reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conspire,
With voice and shell, to lift it high.

VI.

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind;
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

VII.

Who love the shore,
 Let those adore
 The god Apollo, and his Nine,
 Parnassus' hill,
 And Orpheus' skill,
 But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
 Is Britain's reign;
 Her strength, her glory, is her fleet;
 The main! the main!
 Be Britain's strain;
 As Triton's strong, as Syrens sweet.

IX.

Thro' Nature wide
 Is nought descry'd
 So rich in pleasure or surprise;
 When all-serene,
 How sweet the scene?
 How dreadful when the billows rise!

X.

And storms deface
 The fluid glass,
 In which ere-while Britannia, fair,
 Look'd down with pride,
 Like Ocean's bride,
 Adjusting her majestic air!

XI.

When tempests cease,
 And, hush'd in peace,
 The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,
 Deep silence keep,
 And seem to sleep
 Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance
 The level glance,
 Unbroken, shoots along the seas?
 Which tempt from shore
 The painted oar,
 And every canvass courts the breeze!

XIII.

When rushes forth
 The frowning North
 On black'ning billows, with what dread
 My shudd'ring soul
 Beholds them roll,
 And hears their roarings o'er my head!

XIV.

With terror mark
 Yon' flying bark!
 Now centre-deep descend the brave;
 Now, tofs'd on high,
 It takes the sky,
 A feather on the tow'ring wave!

XV.

Now spins around, 85
 In whirls profound;
 Now whelm'd, now pendent near the clouds;
 Now stunn'd, it reels
 Midst thunder's peals,
 And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds. 90

XVI.

All ether burns!
 Chaos returns!
 And blends, once more, the seas and skies;
 No space between
 Thy bosom green,
 O Deep! and the blue concave lies. 95

XVII.

The northern blast,
 The shatter'd mast,
 The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
 The breaking spout,
 The stars gone out,
 The boiling freight, the monsters' shock, 100

XVIII.

Let others fear;
 To Britain dear
 Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
 Those terrors charm
 Which keep her warm
 In chase of honest gain or fame. 105

XIX.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night,
And shed, thro' shadows, temper'd fire;
And Phœbus flames,
With burnish'd beams,
Which some adore, and all admire.

XX.

Are then the seas
Outshone by these?
Bright Thetis! thou art not outshone;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, set in green,
Gold stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those clouds, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver snow, that pearly rain,
Has Phœbus stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

The gaudy bow,
 Whose colours glow,
 Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
 To Phœbus' ray,
 Which paints so gay,
 By thee the watry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
 Where waters sleep,
 What unknown treasures pave the floor!
 The pearl, in rows,
 Pale lustre throws;
 The wealth immense which storms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines,
 With proud designs,
 The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore;
 The tempests rise
 And seize the prize,
 And toss him, breathless, on the shore.

XXVI.

His son complains
 In pious strains;
 "Ah! cruel thirst of gold," he cries;
 Then ploughs the main
 In zeal for gain,
 The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou watry vast!
 What mounds are cast
 To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er!
 Thy proudest foam
 Must know its home;
 But rage of gold disdains a shore.

The virtuous mind
 Nor wave nor wind
 Nor Civil rage, nor
 Nor broken ball
 Nor planet's fall,
 From its firm basis

XXVIII.

Gold pleasure buys;
 But pleasure dies;
 Too soon the gross fruition cloy;
 Tho' raptures court,
 The sense is short;
 But virtue kindles living joys;

This Britain knows
 And therefore glows
 Her generous
 Her wealth and real
 On public weal
 And brightens both

XXIX.

Joys felt alone!
 Joys ask'd of none!
 Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss;
 Joys that subsist,
 Tho' fates resist,
 An unprecarious, endless bliss!

What end to great
 What which late
 A look the
 Which part was
 With George to close
 And first great

XXX.

The soul refin'd
 Is most inclin'd
 To ev'ry moral excellence;
 All vice is dull,
 A knave's a fool,
 And Virtue is the child of Sense.

Which has given
 From Britain's throne
 A noble and a
 That voice shall rear
 Your throne
 Virtue's child of

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave nor wind,
Nor Civil rage, nor tyrants' frown,
The shaken ball,
Nor planet's fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous passions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the Main ;
Which tow'ring rose,
With George to clofe,
And rival great Eliza's reign ?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To re-inflame a grand design;
That voice shall rear
Yon' fabric fair*,
As Nature's rose at the divine.

* A new fund for Greenwich Hospital, recommended from the throne.

XXXV.

When Nature sprung
 Bless'd angels sung,
 And shouted o'er the rising ball;
 For strains as high
 As man's can fly
 These sea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boist'rous seas,
 The lap of Ease
 Receives our wounded and our old;
 High domes ascend!
 Stretch'd arches bend!
 Proud columns swell! wide gates unfold!

XXXVII.

Here, soft-reclin'd,
 From wave, from wind,
 And Fortune's tempest, safe ashore,
 To cheat their care,
 Of former war
 They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

XXXVIII.

In lengthen'd tales
 Our fleet prevails;
 In tales, the lenitives of age!
 And o'er the bowl
 They fire the soul
 Of list'ning youth to martial rage.

XXXIX.

Unhappy they!
 And falsely gay!
 Who bask for ever in success:
 A constant feast
 Quite palls the taste,
 And long enjoyment is distress.

XL.

When, after toil,
 His native soil
 The panting mariner regains,
 What transport flows
 From bare repose?
 We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLI.

Ye Warlike! slain
 Beneath the main,
 Wrapt in a watry winding sheet,
 Who bought with blood
 Your country's good,
 Your country's full-blown glory greet.

XLII.

What pow'rful charm
 Can Death disarm?
 Your long, your iron slumbers break:
 By Jove, by Fame,
 By George's name,
 Awake! awake! awake!

* Written soon after K. George I.'s accession.

XLIII.

With spiral shell,
 Full-blasted, tell,
 That all your watry realms should ring;
 Your pearl alcoves,
 Your coral groves,
 Should echo theirs and Britain's king.

XLIV.

As long as stars
 Guide mariners,
 As Carolina's virtues please,
 Or suns invite
 The ravish'd sight,
 The British flag shall sweep the seas.

XLV.

Peculiar both!
 Our soil's strong growth,
 And our bold natives' hardy mind;
 Sure Heav'n bespoke
 Our hearts and oak,
 To give a master to mankind.

XLVI.

That noblest birth
 Of teeming earth,
 Of forest fair that daughter proud,
 To foreign coasts
 Our grandeur boasts,
 And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud:

XLVII.

Now, big with war,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now sumptuous spoils
Of foreign soils
Pours in the bosom of our land.

With spirit bold,
Full-blown, tall,
That all your waters
Bear aloof,
Your coral groves,
Should echo theirs and ours.

XLVIII.

Hence Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
And as she frowns,
Or smiles, on crowns,
A night or day of glory springs.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
Carolina's sails
Or late invite
The vessel's sight,
The British flag shall gain the right.

XLIX.

Thus Ocean swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

Beach and bold
And our bold
Sure Heav'n's
Our hearts and oak,
Give a mass
290
294

XLIX.

That noblest birth
Of seeming earth,
Of forest tan that hangs in proud
To foreign coasts
Our granary holds,
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud;

That noblest birth
Of seeming earth,
Of forest tan that hangs in proud
To foreign coasts
Our granary holds,
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud;

SEA-PIECE:

containing

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIN.

My Muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen climes to milder skies;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour here deny'd;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

III.

To dive full-deep in ancient days,
The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
And monarchs aggrandize, — the glory thine;
Thine is the Drama, how renown'd!
Thine Epic's loftier trump to sound;
But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine.

* Annals of the Emperor Charles XII, Lewis XIV, A.

III.

But where's his dolphin? know'st thou where?—
 May that be found in thee, Voltaire!
 Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave: 13
 How will thy name illustrious raise
 My sinking song? Mere mortal lays,
 So patroniz'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me," say'st thou, "who courts my smile?
 "What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?"— 20
 No stranger, Sir! tho' born in foreign climes;
 On Dorset Downs, when Milton's page,
 With Sin and Death, provok'd thy rage,
 Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with gentle rhymes.

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye, 23
 And gave thee clearly to descry
 Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong:
 Who half-inclin'd thee to confess,
 Nor could thy modesty do less,
 That Milton's blindness lay not in his song. 30

VI.

But such debates long since are flown;
 For ever set the suns that shone
 On airy pastimes, ere our brows were gray:
 How shortly shall we both forget,
 To thee, my patron, I my debt, 35
 And thou to thine for Prussia's golden key.

VII.

The present, in oblivion cast,
 Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
 Full soon the wide distinction die between
 The frowns and favours of the great; 40
 High-flush'd Success, and pale Defeat,
 The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid, Moments! stay!
 Oh, Friend! as dear, as rapid, they;
 Life's little drama done, the curtain falls. — 45
 Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
 Tho' nothing strikes the listening ear,
 Time groans his last; Eternal loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
 Far other counsels and desires. 50
 Than once prevail'd: we stand on higher ground;
 What scenes we see! — Exalted aim!
 With ardours new our spirits flame;
 Ambition bless'd! with more than laurels crown'd. 54

III.

Here, and revert. — At Britain's nod,
 From each enchanted grove and wood
 Hastes the huge oak, or hushed forest leaves;
 The mountain pines allume new fires;
 Spread canvas wings, and fly the storm;
 And tide o'er rocks, and dunes on foaming waves

12
HIV
A SEA-PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

I.

In lofty sounds let those delight
Who brave the foe but fear the fight,
And, bold in word, of arms decline the stroke;
'Tis mean to boast, but great to lend
To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
Why gleams the South with brandish'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curs'd ambition springs:
Ambition mean! ignoble pride! 10
Perhaps their ardours may subside,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

III.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Hastes the huge oak, or shadeless forest leaves; 15
The mountain pines assume new forms,
Spread canvass-wings, and fly thro' storms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She nods again; the lab'ring earth
 Discloses a tremendous birth;
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore;
 Thence monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise;
 Flame from the deck from trembling bastions roar.

V.

These ministers of Fate fulfil,
 On empires wide, an island's will,
 When thrones unjust wake vengeance. Know, ye Pow'rs!
 In sudden night, and pond'rous balls,
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
 When brav'd Britannia's awful senate low'rs.

VI.

In her grand council * she surveys;
 In patriot picture, what may raise,
 Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;
 From Hope's triumphant summit thrown,
 Like darted lightning, swiftly down
 The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
 And spares her nitrous magazine;
 Her cannon slumber, till the proud aspire,
 And leave all law below them; then they blaze!
 They thunder from resounding seas,
 Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

* House of Lords.

VIII.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
 And rends the skies, and warms the waves!
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep;
 In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
 While all serene, and hush'd above,
 Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

IX.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
 Hurls from her disembowel'd womb;
 Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
 Red-wing'd by strong sulphureous blasts;
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts,
 And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind:

X.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
 The wreath immortal Ocean yields;
 There War's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
 Whole glory blooms: How pale, how tame,
 How lambent, is Bellona's flame!
 How her storms languish on the Continent!

XI.

From the dread front of ancient War
 Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,
 Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
 Stoop to those engines which deny
 Superior terrors to the sky,
 And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame,

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
 The night by day, the sea of blood,
 Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
 The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd, 70
 A firmament by mortals storm'd,
 To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? or do I rave?
 Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
 Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame 75
 Those swarthy gods, of toil and heat,
 Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call:
 Unfinish'd let those bawbles fall, 80
 Yon' shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
 Your strokes suspend, ye brazen Throng!
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin; and, first, take rapid flight? 85
 Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
 And ghastly terror, paler than the dead;
 Then borrow from the North his roar,
 Mix groans, and deaths; one phial pour

* Alluding to Virgil's description of thunder.
 Volume IV. C

Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND.

In which is

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

I.

So form'd the bolt ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake,
If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
And edge their swords. O Pow'r Divine!
If bless'd by thee the bold design,
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike Dead! who fell of old
In Britain's cause, by Fame enroll'd
In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
Awake, illustrious Chiefs! awake,
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

III.

The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shock too feeble to sustain,
Or firm to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

IV.

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour! —
 " Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r! 20
 " Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!
 " Now war's important die is thrown,
 " If left the day to man alone,
 " How blind is Wisdom, and how weak is Might?

V.

" Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear, 25
 " And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
 " For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appease;
 " A wrath more formidable far
 " Than angry Nature's wasteful war,
 " The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas! 30

VI.

" From out the deep to thee we cry,
 " To thee, at Nature's helm on high!
 " Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
 " To thee for succour we resort;
 " Thy favour is our only port; 35
 " Our only rock of safety thy defence.

VII.

" O Thou! to whom the lions roar,
 " And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
 " Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke;
 " Thou can'st arrest the flying ball, 40
 " Or send it back, and bid it fall
 " On those from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

" Britain in vain extends her care
 " To climes remote for aids in war;
 " Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe! 45
 " There's one alliance, one alone,
 " Can crown her arms, or fix her throne,
 " And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

" Ally Supreme! we turn to thee;
 " We learn obedience from the sea; 50
 " With seas and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
 " 'Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm,
 " To rouse or hush the martial storm,
 " And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.

X.

" 'Tis thine to beam sublime renown, 55
 " Or quench the glories of a crown;
 " 'Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from Death to free,
 " To turn aside his level'd dart,
 " Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
 " There we cast anchor, we confide in thee! 60

XI.

" Thou! who hast taught the North to roar,
 " And streaming † lights nocturnal pour
 " Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
 " Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
 " Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze, 65
 " And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

* Russia.

† Aurora Borealis.

XII.

- " The right alone is bold and strong ;
 " Black hov'ring clouds appal the wrong
 " With dread of vengeance.—Nature's awful Sire !
 " Less than one moment shouldst thou frown, 70
 " Where is Puissance and Renown ?
 " Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

- " Let George the Just chastise the vain.
 " Thou ! who dost curb the rebel main,
 " To mount the shore when boiling billows rave ! 75
 " Bid George repel a bolder tide,
 " The boundless swell of Gallic pride,
 " And check Ambition's overwhelming wave.

XIV.

- " And when (all milder means withstood)
 " Ambition tam'd by loss of blood 80
 " Regains her reason ; then, on angels' wings,
 " Let Peace descend, and shouting greet,
 " With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
 " How richly freighted ! it triumphant brings
 " The poise of kingdoms and the fate of kings." 85

IMPERIUM PELAGI:

A NAVAL LYRIC.

Written in imitation of

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

OCCASIONED BY

*His Majesty's return from Hanover, Sept. 1729, and the
succeeding peace.*

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres

Quem super notas altare ripas,

Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo

Pindarus ore.

Concines laetosque dies, et urbis

Publicam ludum, super impetrato

Fortis Augusti reditu.

HOR.

PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a formidable sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so familiar; as a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar: I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself, more proper than any for an Englishman, and particularly seasonable at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every province than in the sublime, our two famous epic poems excepted.

I was willing to make an attempt where I had the fewest rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real interest, or possible glory, of his country than before, or a stronger impression from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the critic any further reputation.

We have many copies and translations that pass for originals. This Ode, I humbly conceive, is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular works, any more than like Raphael, by copying the Cartoons. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the whole, and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in subjects and designs of our own. Nothing is so un-Pindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original; and he must be so too who would be like Pindar in that which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a close copy and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writings, but relatively to the demand of the subject, and the manner of treating it. A distich may be long, and a folio short. However, I have broken this Ode into strains, each of which may be considered as a separate ode, if you please. And if the variety and fullness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from

length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined, if for nothing else, for our plenty of it. The ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of ode. This I speak at my own very great peril; but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

The Contents.

THE Ode consists of a Prelude; five Strains; a Moral; a Close; and a Chorus.

PRELUDE.

THE proposition. An address to the Vessel that brought over the King. Who should sing on this occasion. Pindaric boast.

STRAIN I. How the King attended. A prospect of happiness. Industry. A surprising instance of it in Old Rome: The mischief of sloth. What happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy. Trade natural to Britain. Trade invoked. Described. What the greatest human excellence. The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end. The variety of Nature. The final moral cause of it. The benefit of man's necessities. Britain's naval stores. She makes all Nature serviceable to her ends. Of reason. Its excellence. How we should form our estimate of things. Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory her's. Her effects in Old Britain.

STRAIN II. Arts from commerce. Why Britain should pursue it. What wealth includes. An historical digression, which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings' just reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

STRAIN III. An inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper to her than other nations. How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade. Why above half the globe is sea. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The winds, the seas, the constellations, described, Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with other states. The leviathan described. Britain's site and ancient

title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. Some despise trade as mean; censured for it. Trade's glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The Merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

STRAIN IV. Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the stone. Britain's condition without trade. Trade's character, and surprising deeds. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The miser's character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the Merchant. What false joy. What true. What religion is to the Merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly and how long to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still unknown. Queen Elizabeth. King George II.; his glory navally represented.

STRAIN V. What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. What the constellations are. Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured. The Moon. What the sea is. Apostrophe to the Emperor. The Spanish Armado. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power. What natives do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the Merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. Praise the food of glory. Britain's record.

THE MORAL.

THE most happy should be the most virtuous. Of eternity. What Britain's art should be. Whence slavery.

THE CLOSE.

THIS subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to Pindar's subject. How Britain should be sung by all.

CHORUS.

THE MERCHANT.

AN ODE

on the British trade and navigation.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλαττεῖαι παντοθεν λογίοις

σιν ἐντὶ προσοδοί,

νασον ευκλεα ταν

δε κοσμεσθιν.

FIND. Nem. Ode vi.

PRELUDE.

I.

Fast by the surge my limbs are spread,
 The naval oak nods o'er my head,
 The winds are loud, the waves tumult'ous roll;
 Ye Winds! indulge your rage no more;
 Ye sounding Billows! cease to roar:
 The god descends, and transports warm my soul.

II.

The waves are hush'd, the winds are spent;
 This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
 I celebrate in song. Fam'd Isle! no less,
 By Nature's favour, from mankind, 10
 Than by the foaming sea disjoin'd;
 Alone in bliss! an isle in happiness!

III.

Tho' Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,
 Tho' youth no longer fires my veins,
 Tho' slow their streams in this cold climate run, 15
 The royal eye dispels my cares,
 Recalls the warmth of blooming years;
 Returning George supplies the distant sun.

IV.

Away, my Soul! salute the Pine *,
 That glads the heart of Caroline, 20
 Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
 Salute the bark that ne'er should hold
 So rich a freight in gems or gold,
 And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My Soul! to thee she spreads her sails;
 Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
 With inspiration from the Godhead warm;
 Now bound for an eternal clime,
 O send her down the tide of time,
 Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm. 30

VI.

Or teach this flag like that to soar,
 Which gods of old and heroes bore;
 Bid her a British constellation rise—
 The sea she scorns; and now shall bound
 On lofty billows of sweet sound: 35
 I am her pilot, and her port the skies!

* The vessel in which the King came over.

VII.

Dare you to sing, ye twinkling Train!
 Silence, ye Wretched! ye Profane!
 Who thackle prose, and boast of absent gods;
 Who murder thought, and numbers maim, 40
 Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
 And labour stiff Anacreontic odes.

VIII.

Ye lawful sons of Genius, rise!
 Of genuine title to the skies;
 Ye founts of Learning! and ye mints of Fame! 45
 You who file off the mortal part
 Of glowing thought with Attic art,
 And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
 High-flavour'd, delicate, mature, 50
 Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast;
 As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
 The gen'rous bursts of willing wine
 Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd, 54

STRAIN I.

I.

"OUR monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
 What shining forms surround his throne,
 O Sun! as planets thee. To my loud strain
 See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance;
 The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance! 5
 And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

II.

" Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
 New glories kindle round his throne.
 The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze.
 By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
 The volume dark, the folds of Fate,
 And now am present to the future blaze.

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
 The mighty Months in pomp proceed,
 Fair daughters of the Sun!—O thou divine,
 Blest'd Industry! a smiling earth
 From thee alone derives its birth:
 By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

IV.

From thee mast, cable, anchor, oar,
 From thee the cannon, and his roar;
 On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows.
 O golden fruit! oak well might prove
 The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
 All Jove can give the naval oak bestows.

V.

What cannot Industry complete?
 When Punic war first flam'd, the great,
 Bold, active, ardent Roman Fathers meet:
 " Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries *;
 As soon they fall, as soon they rise;
 One moon a forest, and the next a fleet.

* L. Florus.

VI.

Is sloth indulgence? 'tis a toil;
 Enervates man, and damns the soil;
 Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
 Cankers our being; all devours.
 A full exertion of our pow'rs,
 Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

VII.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
 The sun suspend his swift career,
 Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
 Ere man, his active springs resign'd,
 Can rust in body and in mind,
 Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

VIII.

Where, Industry! thy daughter fair?
 Recall her to her native air:
 Here was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long;
 And ever shall she flourish here:
 What tho' she languish'd? 'twas but fear;
 She's sound of heart; her constitution's strong.

IX.

Wake, sting her up. Trade! lean no more
 On thy fix'd anchor; push from shore;
 Earth lies before thee, ev'ry climate court.
 And see! she's rous'd; absolv'd from fears,
 Her brow in cloudless azure rears,
 Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

X.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace, 35
 She levies gain on ev'ry place,
 Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name!
 Again she travels with the sun,
 Again she draws a golden zone 39
 Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and

XI.

[same!

Ten thousand active hands, that hung 40
 In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
 The nation's languid load, defy the storms,
 The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
 The long-moor'd vessels wing to sea, 45
 Worlds worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

XII.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
 Their sedgy foreheads lift and smile;
 Their urns inverted prodigally pour
 Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy 70
 Britannia for their great ally,
 With climes paid down. What can the gods do more?

XIII.

Cold Russia costly furs, from far
 Hot China sends her painted jar,
 France gen'rous wines to crown it, Arab sweet, 75
 With gales of incense swells our sails,
 Nor distant Ind our Merchant fails,
 Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant Isle ! what tide that flows,
 Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
 Or genial sun that shines, or show'r that pours,
 But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours, for thee ?
 How every heart dilates to see
 Each land's each season bending on thy shores ?

XV.

All these one British harvest make !
 The servant Ocean, for thy sake,
 Both sinks and swells : his arms thy bosom wrap,
 And fondly give, in boundless dow'r,
 To mighty George's growing pow'r,
 The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
 Fair Virtue with the first renown :
 A large revenue, and a large expense,
 When hearts for others' welfare glow,
 And spend as free as gods bestow,
 Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glowe, then, my Breast ! abound, my Store !
 This, and this boldly I implore :
 Their want and apathy let Stoics boast ;
 Passions and riches, good or ill,
 As us'd by man, demand our skill ;
 All blessings wound us when discretion's lost.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the virtuous and the wise,
 'Tis vice and folly to despise :
 Let those in praise of poverty refine,
 Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
 The narrow-soul'd or the profuse :
 The truly great find morals in the mine.

XIX.

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
 Has learn'd the rare, illustrious art
 Of being rich : stores starve us, or they cloy,
 From gold if more than chymic skill
 Extract not what is brighter still :
 'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

XX.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end :
 Exalted minds their joys extend.
 A Chandos shines when others' joys are done;
 As lofty turrets by their height,
 When humble scenes resign their light,
 Retain the rays of the declining sun.

XXI.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear
 No sordid sin of thine shall dare
 Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
 Who now his whole creation drains
 To pour into thy tumid veins
 That blood of nations, commerce and increase.

XXII.

How various Nature! turgid grain, *in the vale of the Nile*
 Here nodding, floats the golden plain; *the Nile*
 There worms weave silken webs, here glowing vines
 Lay forth their purple to the sun: *the Nile* 130
 Beneath the soil their harvests run,
 And kings' revenues ripen in the mines.

XXIII.

What's various Nature? art divine,
 Man's soul to soften and refine:
 Heav'n diff'rent growths to diff'rent lands imparts, 135
 That all may stand in need of all,
 And int'rest draw around the ball
 A net to catch and join all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen,
 His law supreme to mortal men, 140
 In their necessities distinctly writ:
 Ev'n appetite supplies the place
 Of absent virtue, absent grace,
 And human want performs for human wit.

XXV.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around, 145
 The wond'ring foreigner confound:
 How stands the deep-aw'd Continent agast,
 As her proud sceptred sons survey,
 At ev'ry port, on ev'ry quay,
 Huge mountains rise of cable, anchor, mast! 150

XXVI.

Th' unwieldy tun! the pond'rous bale!
 Each prince his own clime set to sale
 Sees here, by subjects of a British king.
 How earth's abridg'd! all nations range
 A narrow spot! our throng'd Exchange, 155
 And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all Nature bends
 In aid to Britain's glorious ends.
 Toils she in trade? or bleeds in honest wars?
 Her keel each yielding sea enthrals, 160
 Each willing wind her canvass calls;
 Her pilot into service lifts the stars.

XXVIII.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
 What tho' we creep beneath the shade,
 And seem as emmets on this point the ball? 165
 Heav'n lighted up the human soul,
 Heav'n bid its rays transpierce the whole,
 And, giving godlike reason, gave us all.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
 Bless'd Reason! guide my life and pen; 170
 All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light.
 Who thee obeys reigns over all;
 Smiles, tho' the stars around him fall;
 A God is nought but reason infinite.

XXX.

The man of reason is a god,
 Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod;
 Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere,
 Others are passive, are impell'd,
 Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,
 As Accident is pleas'd to domineer.

XXXI.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame;
 Shall monarchs awe? or crowns inflame?
 From gross mistake our idle tumult springs:
 Those men the silly world disarm,
 Elude the dart, dissolve the charm,
 Who know the slender worth of men and things.

XXXII.

The present object, present day,
 Are idle phantoms, and away:
 What's lasting only does exist. Know this,
 Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, call;
 Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall,
 To launch us on the flood of endless bliss.

XXXIII.

How foreign these, tho' most in view!
 Go, look your whole existence through,
 Thence form your rule; thence fix your estimate;
 For so the gods. But as the gains,
 How great the toil? 'twill cost more pains
 To vanquish folly than reduce a state.

XXXIV.

Hence, Reason! the first palm is thine;
 Old Britain learn'd from thee to shine:
 By the Trade's swarming throng, gay Freedom's smile,
 Armies, in war of fatal frown,
 Of peace the pride, Art's flowing gown,
 Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

STRAIN II.

COMMERCE gives arts as well as gain;
 By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
 They barb'rous climes enlighten as they run;
 Arts, the rich traffic of the soul!
 May travel thus from pole to pole,
 And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold!
 Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
 Inur'd to winds and seas! lest gods repent;
 The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
 And, as the trident's emblem, gave
 A triple-realm that awes the Continent:

And awes with wealth; for wealth is pow'r:
 When Jove descends, a golden show'r,
 'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.
 View, emulate, outshine old Tyre;
 In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
 Her Merchants princes! every deck a throne!

VIV. X

She sat an empress! aw'd the flood!
 Her stable column Ocean trod;
 She call'd the nations, and she call'd the seas;
 By both obey'd; the Syrian sings;
 The Cyprian's art her viol strings;
 Togarmah's steed along the valley neighs.

V. ARTS

The fir of Senir makes her floor, 25
 And Bashan's oak, transform'd; her oar;
 High Lebanon her mast; far Dedan warms
 Her mantled host; Arabia feeds;
 Her sail of purple Egypt spreads;
 Arvad sends mariners; the Persian arms. 30

VI. THE WORLD'S BOUNDS

The world's last limit bounds her fame,
 The Golden City was her name!
 Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
 Beneath her foot. Extent of coast,
 And rich as Nile's, let others boast, 35
 Her's the far nobler harvest of the seas.

VIL. THE MERCHANT LAND

O Merchant Land! as Eden fair!
 Ancient of Empires! Nature's care!
 The strength of Ocean! head of Plenty's springs!
 The pride of isles! in wars rever'd!
 Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
 Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

Her Merchant Land! as Eden fair!
 Ancient of Empires! Nature's care!
 The strength of Ocean! head of Plenty's springs!
 The pride of isles! in wars rever'd!
 Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
 Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of Nations!—but she fell :—
 Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
 Against his fav'rite isle loud roars the Main!
 The tempest howls! her sculptur'd dome
 Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home!
 The land one altar! a whole people slain!

IX.

The destin'd Day puts on her frown;
 The fable Hour is coming down;
 She's on her march from yon' almighty throne;
 The sword and storm are in her hand;
 She trumpets shrill her dread command:
 Dark be the light of earth, the boast unknown!

X.

For, oh! her fins, as red as blood,
 As crimson deep, outcry the flood:
 The Queen of Trade is bought, once wise and just;
 Now venal is her council's tongue:
 How riot, violence, and wrong,
 Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust!

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
 Those high-born souls they proudly breathe;
 Her fordid nobles sink! her mighty bow!
 Is it for this the groves around
 Return the tabret's sprightly sound?
 Is it for this the great ones toss the brow?

XII.

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign?
 To nuptials cold how glows the vein,
 Confounding kindred, and misleading right?
 The spurious lord it o'er the land,
 Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand,
 Assault the sky, and brandish all her might!

XIII.

Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,
 Her Merchant, sage, big man of war,
 Her judge, her prophet, nay her hoary heads,
 Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
 Her very priests, in guilt abound:
 Hence the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

XIV.

What dearth of truth, what thirst of gold!
 Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!
 What youth unletter'd! base ones lifted high!
 What public boasts! what private views!
 What desert temples! crowded stews!
 What women—practis'd but to roll an eye!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her fairest dames
 Decline the sun's intruding beams,
 To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.
 Alas! there is who sees them there;
 There is who flatters not the fair,
 When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chants.

XVI.

He sees, and thunders!—Now in vain
 The courser paws and foams the rein;
 And chariots stream along the printed soil:
 In vain her high presumpt'ous air,
 In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare, 95
 O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her costly stain,
 Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain!
 In vain their golden head her turrets rear;
 In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits, 100
 Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
 Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain wine flows in various streams,
 With helm and spear each pillar gleams;
 Damascus, vain! unfolds the glossy store, 105
 The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
 From Arab incense, vain, she boasts;
 Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
 The nations hiss! her glory ends! 110
 To ships, her confidence! she flies from foes;
 Foes meet her there: the wind, the wave,
 That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
 Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

XX.

Her iv'ry deck, embroider'd sail, II5
 And mast of cedar, nought avail,
 Or pilot learn'd! she sinks, nor sinks alone;
 Her gods sink with her! to the sky,
 Which never more shall meet her eye,
 She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan. 120

XXI.

What tho' so vast her naval might,
 In her first dawn'd the British right,
 All flags abas'd her sea-dominion greet*?
 What tho' she longer warr'd than Troy?
 At length her foes that ill destroy 125
 Whose conquest sail'd as far as sail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings she cloth'd in purple shake
 Their awful brows: "O foul mistake!
 "O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is she
 "Who said—With my own art and arm 130
 "In the world's wealth I wrap me warm—
 "And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea!

XXIII.

"This, this is she who meanly soar'd:
 "Alas! how low to be ador'd,
 "And style herself a God!—Thro' stormy wars 135
 "This eagle-ill she thunder bore,
 "High-fed her young with human gore,
 "And would have built her nest among the stars.

* Q. Curtius.

XXIV.

- " But, ah, frail Man! how impotent
 " To stand Heav'n's vengeance, or prevent! 140
 " To turn aside the great Creator's aim!
 " Shall island-kings with him contend,
 " Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
 " And shall drink up the sea herself with flame? 145

XXV.

- " Earth, ether, empyreum, bow, 145
 " When from the brazen mountain's brow
 " The God of Battles takes his mighty bow:
 " Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
 " Puts on his vesture dipp'd in blood,
 " And marches out to scourge the world below. 150

XXVI.

- " Ah wretched Isle! once call'd the Great!
 " Ah wretched Isle! and wise too late!
 " The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
 " Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
 " And freedom lost, the realms deride, 155
 " Ador'd thee standing, o'er thy ruins shout:

XXVII.

- " To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
 " Was thine, O fallen! fallen low!
 " 'Twas thine of jarring thrones to still debates:
 " How art thou fallen, down, down, down! 160
 " Wide waste, and night and horror frown,
 " Where empire flam'd in gold and balanc'd states."

STRAIN III.

Hence learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may thrive or perish by the wave,
What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes solicit down!
Ocean's the womb of riches and the grave.

II.
This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues should rise as fortunes swell.
What is large property?—the sign of good,
Of worth superior: if 'tis less,
Another's treasure we possess,
And charge the gods with favours misbestow'd.

III.
This counsel suits Britannia's isle,
High-flush'd with wealth and Freedom's smile:
To vassals prison'd in the Continent,
Who starve, at home, on meagre toil,
And suck to death their mother soil,
'Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.

IV.
Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
And wound the soul; bow genius down,
Lay virtue waste! For worth or arts who strain,
To throw them at a monster's foot?
'Tis property supports pursuit.
Freedom gives eloquence, and freedom gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the style; 25
 She makes the blood and spirits boil:
 I feel her now! and rouse, and rise, and rave
 In Theban song. O Muse! not thine,
 Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine.
 The man that can think greatly is no slave. 30

VI.

Others may traffic if they please;
 Britain, fair daughter of the Seas,
 Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave,
 And reap the growth of every coast:
 A speck of land! but let her boast 35
 Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
 Not cover'd half with solid space,
 Three parts are fluid. Empire of the sea!
 And why? for commerce. Ocean streams 40
 For that, thro' all his various names;
 And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

VIII.

Britain, like some great potentate
 Of Eastern clime, retires in state,
 Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh? 45
 He passes her strong guards, the waves,
 Of servant winds admission craves.
 Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

IX.

There are her friends; soft Zephyr there
 Keen Eurus, Notus never fair, 50
 Rough Boreas bursting from the pole; all urge,
 And urge for her, their various toil;
 The Caspian, the broad Baltic, boil,
 And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

X.

There are her friends, a marshall'd train! 55
 A golden host! and azure plain!
 By turns do duty, and by turns retreat:
 They may retreat, but not from her;
 The stars that quit this hemisphere,
 Must quit the skies to want a British fleet, 60

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
 For her Orion's glories burn,
 The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
 The fair fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
 Near the deep chambers of the South, 65
 The raging dog that fires the midnight skies.

XII.

These nations Newton made his own;
 All intimate with him alone,
 His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
 To the last volume's closing star; 70
 Decipher'd every character:
 His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

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XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land
 Smile at our rock and barren strand;
 Not such the sea: let Fohe's ancient line 75
 Vast tracts and ample beings vaunt;
 The camel low, small elephant;
 O Britain! the leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom Nature's strife
 Brought forth, her largest piece of life! 80
 He sleeps an isle! his sports the billows warm!
 Dreadful Leviathan! thy spout
 Invades the skies; the stars are out:
 He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

XV.

Th' Atlantic surge around our shore, 85
 German and Caledonian, roar;
 Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—
 Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
 "The seas are ours,"—the Monarchs said—
 The Floods their hands, their hands the Nations, clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival then to rise? 91
 Can he be found beneath the skies?
 Not there they dwell that can give Britain fear:
 The pow'rs of earth, by rival aim,
 Her grandeur but the more proclaim, 95
 And prove their distance most as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves,
 Her foot ambitious Ocean laves :
 Art's noblest boast ! but, O ! what wondrous odds
 'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle? 100
 'Twixt mortal and immortal toil ?
 Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
 But not o'er friends by whom she rose ;
 The child of Britain ! and shall she contend? 105
 It were no less than parricide !——
 What wonders rise from out the tide !
 Her High and Mighty to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
 Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow 110
 So far beneath the state of noble birth ?
 Alas ! these chiefs but little know
 Commerce how high, themselves how low.
 The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

XX.

And what have earth's mean sons to do 115
 But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
 The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil ?
 High Commerce from the gods came down,
 With compass, chart, and starry crown,
 Their delegate to make the nations smile. 120

XXI.

Blush, and behold the Russian bow;
 From forty crowns his mighty brow
 To trade—to toil he turns his glorious hand;
 That arm which swept the bloody field,
 See! the huge axe or hammer wield,
 While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand. 125

XXII.

O shame to subjects! first renown,
 Matchless example to the crown!
 Old Time is poor; what age boasts such a fight?
 Ye Drones! adore the man divine—
 No virtue, still, as mean, decline;
 Call Russians barb'rous, and yourselves polite. 130

XXIII.

He, too, of Judah, great as wise,
 With Hiram strove in merchandise;
 Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar!
 That Merchant sinking to his grave,
 A flood of treasure swells the cave,
 The king left much, the Merchant bury'd more. 135

XXIV.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
 No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
 Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
 If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
 If words and thoughts to court my choice
 Outnumber'd sands, I could not reach its height. 140

* Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb 1200 years after his death; 3000 talents at one time, and an immense sum the next.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign; 145
 Those trade in blessing, these in pain,
 At slaughter swell, and shout while nations groan:
 With purple monarchs Merchants vie:
 If great to spend, what to supply?
 Priests pray for blessings, Merchants pour 'em down.

XXVI.

Kings Merchants are, in league, and love: 151
 Earth's odours pay soft airs above,
 That o'er the teeming field prolific range.
 Planets are Merchants, take, return
 Lustre and heat; by traffic burn. 155
 The whole creation is one vast Exchange.

XXVII.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
 What say the sons of letter'd Fame,
 Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells?
 In open life, in change of scene, 160
 'Mid various manners, throngs of men,
 Experience, arts, and solid wisdom dwells.

XXVIII.

Trade, art's mechanic, Nature's stores
 Well weighs; to starry science soars;
 Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen) 165
 The sites, tongues, int'rests, of the ball:
 Who studies trade, he studies all.
 Accomplish'd Merchants are accomplish'd men. 168

STRAIN IV.

I.
 How shall I farther rouse the soul!
 How Sloth's lascivious reign control
 By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?
 How ev'ry breast inflame with mine?
 How bid my theme still brighter shine,
 With wealth of words and unexhausted thought?

II.
 O thou Dircæan swan on high,
 Round whom familiar thunders fly!
 While Jove attends a language like his own,
 Thy spirit pour, like vernal show'rs;
 My verse shall burst out with the flow'rs,
 While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

III.
 Tho' Britain was not born to fear,
 Grasp not at bloody fame from war;
 Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
 Jove gathers tempest black as night;
 Jove pours the golden flood of light:
 Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.
 Britain, a comet or a star,
 In commerce this, or that in war;
 Let Britons shout! earth, seas, and skies, resound!
 Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
 And spirit dart thro' every nerve,
 Hear from the throne * a voice thro' time renown'd.

* The King's speech.

V. PART 2

So fall from heav'n the vernal show'rs, 25
 To cheer the glebe and wake the flow'rs :
 The bloom call'd forth, see azure skies display'd :
 The bird of voice is proud to sing,
 Industrious bees ply every wing,
 Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade. 30

VI.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
 Is gone out too ; his race is run ;
 He shines in vain ; her life's an ill indeed,
 A spot too small to be o'ercome :
 Ah, dreadful safety ! wretched doom ! 35
 No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

VII.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all :
 Trade's all herself : her's, her's the ball ;
 Where most unseen, the goddess still is there.
 Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze ; 40
 The courtier's pomp ! the student's ease !
 'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought and clos'd the war.

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies ?
 The Punic oar ; behold it rise
 And battle for the world ! Trade gave the call ; 45
 Rich cordials from his naval art
 Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
 That bid an Afric Merchant grasp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
 Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome, 50
 In which His Majesty first deign'd to dwell;
 The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
 Rich as the sun, thro' gold unweigh'd,
 Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

X.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon *! 55
 Methinks the lab'ring earth should groan
 Beneath yon' load; created, sure, not made!
 Servant and rival of the skies!
 Heav'n's arch alone can higher rise;
 What hand immortal rais'd thee?—humble Trade.

XI.

Where hadst thou been if, left at large, 61
 Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge
 Had caught at Pleasure on the flow'ry green?
 If they that watch'd the midnight star
 Had swung behind the rolling car, 63
 Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been?

XII.

As by repletion men consume;
 Abundance is the miser's doom.
 Expend it nobly; he that lets it rust
 Which, passing num'rous hands, would shine, 70
 Is not a man, but living mine,
 Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

* St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax.

XIII.

Trade barb'rous lands can polish fair,
 Make earth well worth the wise man's care;
 Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets;
 Can make one house of human race,
 Can bid the distant poles embrace;
 Her's every sun; and India meets.

XIV.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
 What bounty feeds with laurel courts;
 Trade gives fair Virtue fairer still to shine,
 Enacts those guards of gain, the laws,
 Exalts even Freedom's glorious cause:
 Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine!

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid;
 Why is Heav'n's smile in wealth convey'd?
 Not to place vice, but virtues, in our power,
 Pleasure declin'd is luxury,
 Boundless in time and in degree;
 Pleasure enjoy'd the tumult of an hour.

XVI.

Falſe joy's a diſcompoſing thing,
 That jars on Nature's trembling ſtring,
 Tempeſts the ſpirits, and untunes the frame:
 True joy the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
 A bright ſerene that calms the whole,
 Which they ne'er knew whom other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! religion is the care
 To grow as rich—as angels are;
 To know false coin from true, to sweep the main.
 The mighty stake secure, beyond 100
 The strongest tie of field or fund.
 Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

XVIII.

Join, then, religion to thy store,
 Or India's mines will make thee poor.
 Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind, 105
 Sea-sovereign Isle! proud War decline,
 Trade patronize! What glory thine,
 Ardent to bless, who couldst subdue, mankind?

XIX.

Rich Commerce ply, with warmth divine,
 By day, by night; the stars are thine: 110
 Wear out the stars in Trade! eternal run,
 From age to age, the noble glow,
 A rage to gain and to bestow:
 While ages last! in Trade burn out the sun.

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our fires sent down, 115
 With toil, blood, treasure, ages won:
 This Edgar great bequeath'd; this Edward bold.
 Let Forbisher's, let Raleigh's fire!
 O let Columbus' shade inspire!
 New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old. 120

XXI.

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
 For thee to find, than Heav'n to frame,
 That womb of gold and gem*: her wide domain
 An universe! her rivers seas!
 Her fruits, both men and gods to please! 125
 Heav'n's fairest birth! and but for thee in vain.

XXII.

Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap;
 Call wonders forth from Nature's lap;
 New glory pour on her eternal fire:
 O noble search! O glorious care! 130
 Are you not Britons? why despair?
 New worlds are due to such a godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
 That trade as long as waters roll;
 Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree: 135
 By great Eliza do not swear:
 For thee, O George! the gods declare.
 And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails;
 Full be thy fame as swelling sails; 140
 Constant, as tides, thy mind; as masts, clate;
 Thy justice an unerring helm,
 To steer Britannia's fickle realm;
 Thy num'rous race sure anchor of her state. 144

* Vid. Descriptions of America.

STRAIN V.

BRITANNIA's state what bounds confine!
 (Of rising thought! O golden mine!)
 Mountains, Alps, streams, gulfs, oceans, set no bound;
 She sallies till she strikes the star;
 Expanding wide, and launching far
 As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.

II.

Small Isle! for Cæsars, for the son
 Of Jove, who burst from Macedon,
 For gorgeous Easterns blazing o'er mankind,
 Then when they call'd the world their own, 10
 Not equal fame from fable shown:
 They rose to gods in half thy sphere confin'd.

III.

Here no demand for Fancy's wing;
 Plain Truth's illustrious: as I sing,
 O'hear yon' spangled harp repeat my lay! 15
 Yon' starry lyre has caught the sound,
 And spreads it to the planets round,
 Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

IV.

The skies (fair printed page!) unfold
 The naval fame of heroes old, 20
 As in a mirror shew th' advent'rous throng:
 The deeds of Grecian mariners
 Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
 And noble verse that shall endure as long.

V.

The skies are records of the main; 25
 Thence Argo listens to my strain;
 Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
 For naval fame and song renews,
 As Britain's fame he hears and views;
 Chiron, the Shovel of a former age. 30

VI.

The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
 Pours grateful lustre on my lays.
 How smiles Arion's * friend with partial beams?
 Eridanus would flatter too,
 But jealousies his smiles subdue; 35
 He fears a British rival in the Thames.

VII.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
 To see his British brothers reign
 As stars below: the Balance, George! from thine,
 Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh 40
 More accurate the night and day;
 From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court, ye lesser Lights!
 How could the wise man gaze whole nights
 On Richmond's eye or Berenice's hair? 45
 But, oh! you practise shameful arts;
 Your own retain, seize others' hearts.
 Pirates, not Merchants, are the British fair.

* The Dolphin.

IX.

'Tis truth, I swear by Cynthia's beam;
Pale Queen! be flush'd at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—O'er the main
"To share her empire is thy pride."
He, mighty Pow'r! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

X.

What is the main, ye Kings renown'd!
Britannia's centre, and your bound?
Austrian! where'er Leviathan can roll
Is Britain's home! and Britain's mine
Where'er the ripening sun can shine!
Parts are for emperors; for her the whole.

XI.

Why, Austrian! wilt thou hover still
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To see thy welfare in the world's? too late
Another Churchill thou may'st find,
Another Churchill not so kind,
And other Blenheims big with other fate.

XII.

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own
Who rescu'd an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou consider'st that the kind are brave;
Ill dost thou weigh that in Time's womb
A day may sleep, a day of doom,
As great to ruin as was that to save.

XIII.

How wouldst thou smile to hear my strain,
 Whose boasted inspiration's vain?
 Yet what if my prediction should prove true?
 Know'st thou the fatal pair who shine
 O'er Britain's trading empire? thine
 As one rejected, what if one subdue?

XIV.

What naval scene * adorns the seat
 Of awful Britain's high debate,
 Inspires her councils, and records her pow'r?
 The nations know, in glowing balls
 On sinking thrones the tempest falls,
 When her august, assembled senates low'r.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts so bold!
 Would Britain have her anger told?
 Ah! never let a meaner language sound,
 Than that which prostrates human souls,
 Thro' Heav'n's dark vault impetuous rolls,
 And Nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd.

XVI.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
 Of natives, not expense of blood,
 Or reach of counsel, gives the world a lord;
 Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,
 As mortal man o'er men can fly.
 Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

* The Spanish Armada, in the House of Lords.

XVII.

Nay, her's the sword, for fleets have wings;
 Like lightning fly to distant kings;
 Like gods descend at once on trembling states;
 Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd
 To farthest confines of the world,
 Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempests, *Eolus*,
 Sends forth his pinion'd people thus;
 On rapid errands; as they fly they roar,
 And carry sable clouds, and sweep
 The land, the desert, and the deep—
 Earth shakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

XIX.

The fools of Nature ever strike
 On bare outcides, and loathe or like
 As glitter bids; in endless error vie;
 Admire the purple and the crown.
 Of human welfare and renown
 Trade's the big heart; bright empire but their eye.

XX.

Whence Tartar grand, and Mogul great?
 Trade gilt their titles, power'd their state;
 While *Africa's* black, lascivious, slothful breed,
 To clasp their ruin, fly from toil,
 That meanest product of their soil,
 Their people, sell; one half on th' other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's wealth from commerce rent;
 Afric's a glaring monument:
 Mid citron forests, and pomegranate groves,
 (Curs'd in a paradise!) the pines:
 O'er gen'rous glebes, o'er golden mines,
 Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.

XXII.

Not so thine, China! blooming wide!
 Thy num'rous fleet might bridge the tide;
 Thy products would exhaust both Indias' mines:
 Shut be that gate of trade! or woe
 To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.
 Ungrateful song! her growth inspires thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain! to these, and such as these,
 The river broad, and foaming seas,
 Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd,
 Devoid of naval skill or might;
 Those sever'd parts of earth unite:
 Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O could one engrossing hand
 The various streams of trade command!
 That, like the sun, would gaze nations awe;
 That awful pow'r the world would brave,
 Bold War, and Empire proud, his slave;
 Mankind his subjects, and his will their law.

XXV.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth? 145
 From commerce, Grandeur's humble birth :
 To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
 Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
 Time's whole plain chronicle, is all
 One bright encomium, undesign'd, on trade. 150

XXVI.

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
 And pow'r from wealth : of pow'r is made
 The god on earth : hail, then, the dove of peace!
 Whose olive speaks the raging flood
 Of war repress'd : what's loss of blood? 155
 War is the death of commerce and increase.

XXVII.

Then perish war—detested war!
 Shalt thou make gods, like Cæsar's star?
 What calls man Fool so loud as this has done,
 From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line? 160
 Why not adore, too, as divine,
 Wide wasting storms before the genial sun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the Merchant's summer clear!
 His harvest! harvest round the year!
 For peace, with laurel ev'ry mast be bound; 165
 Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
 Each cannon found, each sailor shout;
 For peace, let every sacred ship be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
 An angel drew the first design;
 With which the * Patriarch Nature's ruins brav'd;
 Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
 He safe o'er foaming billows flew.
 The gods made human race, a pilot sav'd.

XXX.

How sacred, too, the Merchant's name!
 When Britain blaz'd meridian fame†,
 Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave law:
 Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
 Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
 Merchants ambassadors! and thrones in awe!

XXXI.

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times,
 The march of stars, the births of climes:
 Summer and winter theirs; their land and sea:
 Theirs are the seasons, months and years,
 And each a diff'rent garland wears:—
 O that my song could add eternity!

XXXII.

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
 The burning lamp of godlike deeds:
 Immortal glory pays illustrious cares.
 Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
 O noble voyage, glorious round!
 Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

* Noah. † In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

XXXIII.

If to my subject rose my soul,
 Your fame should last while oceans roll :
 When other worlds in depths of time shall rise, 195
 As we the Greeks of mighty name,
 May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
 Look up, and read her story in the skies*.

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens ! sing ; ye Tritons ! blow ;
 Ye Nereids ! dance ; ye Billows ! flow ; 200
 Roll to my measures, O ye starry Throng !
 Ye Winds ! in concert breathe around ;
 Ye Navies ! to the concert bound
 From pole to pole ! to Britain all belong. 204

MORAL.

BRITAIN ! thus blest'd, thy blessing know,
 Or bliss in vain the gods bestow ;
 Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore ;
 Vain swellings of thy soul repress ;
 They most may lose who most possess ;
 Then let us blest with awe, and tremble at thy store.

* It is Sir Isaac Newton's opinion, that the principal constellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

II.

Nor be too fond of life at best;
 Her cheerful, not enamour'd guest:
 Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay prospects give,
 Prospects immortal! that deride 10
 A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
 And make it perfect fortitude to live.

III.

O for eternity! a scene
 To fair adventurers serene!
 O, on that sea to deal in pure renown! 15
 Traffic with gods! what transports roll!
 What boundless import to the soul!
 The poor man's empire! and the subject's crown!

IV.

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
 These be thy arts, O Britain! these. 20
 Let others pant for an immense command;
 Let others breathe War's fiery god:
 The proudest victor fears thy nod,
 Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious while heav'n-born freedom lasts, 25
 Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts:
 For what is tyranny? a monstrous birth
 From luxury, by bribes caress'd,
 By glowing power in shades compress'd,
 Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth. 30

CLOSE.

I.

THEE, Trade! I first, who boast no store,
 Who owe thee nought, thus snatch from shore,
 The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd long,
 And send thy flag triumphant down
 The tide of time to sure renown : 5
 O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.

II.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme ;
 Why, then, unsung ? my simple aim
 To dress plain sense, and fire the gen'rous blood,
 Not sport imaginations vain ; 10
 But list with yon' ethereal train *
 The shining Muse, to serve the public good.

III.

Of ancient art, and ancient praise,
 The springs are open'd in my lays † :
 Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng, 15
 And think their glory sung anew,
 Till chiefs of equal fame they view,
 Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

* The stars.

† ----- Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes ;
 Aſcræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

Virg.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares;
 As far surpass'd as useful cares 20
 Transcend diversion light, and glory vain:
 The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
 And panting steed, to him belong;
 The charioteer's, not empire's golden rein.

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muse despise 25
 That would to glowing Ætna rise,
 (Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of our time!
 Seldom to man the gods impart
 A Pindar's head or Theron's heart.
 In life or song how rare the true sublime! 30

VI.

None British-born will sure disdain
 This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
 Tho' not with genius, with some virtue crown'd;
 (How vain the Muse!) the lay may last,
 Thus twin'd around the British mast, 35
 The British mast with nobler laurels bound!

VII.

Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
 And smiles at wind and storms unbroke;
 By strength not her's sublime: thus proud to soar,
 To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain, 40
 And lives and echoes thro' the plain,
 While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye grov'ling sons of Verse,
 Who sing not actions, but rehearse,
 And fool the Muse with impotent desire; 45
 Ye Sacrilegious! who presume
 To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
 Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

CHORUS.

Ye Syrens! sing; ye Tritons! blow;
 Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow; 50
 Roll to my measures, O ye Starry Throng!
 Ye Winds! in concert breath around;
 Ye Navies! to the concert bound
 From pole to pole! to Britain all belong: 54
 Britain to Heav'n; from Heaven descends my song.

A PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE

BOOK OF JOB.

THREE happy Job † long liv'd in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.

* It is disputed, among the critics, who was the author of the book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of these opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following Notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chap. xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The mountain, the comet, the sun, and other parts, are entirely added; those upon the peacock, the lion, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on Interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems, indeed, the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

At length misfortunes take their turn to reign;
 And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train
 What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong;
 The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
 And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er.
 So thick with pains, they wanted room for more.
 A change so sad what mortal heart could bear;
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
 But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
 Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
 And sev'n long days in solemn silence spent;
 A debt of reverence to distress so great!
 Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate.
 His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
 And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death, impatient for the grave,
 That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
 (O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
 His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
 His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
 And now they kindled into warm debate,
 And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat:

Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
 And summon all their reason to the field:
 So high, at length, their arguments were wrought, 35
 They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
 A pause ensu'd:—when, lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
 And awfully the long contention clos'd.
 Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
 A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies: 40
 (They saw, and trembled!) From the darkness broke
 A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke *.
 Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign;
 Lifts up his thought against me from the dust, 45
 And tells the world's Creator what is just:
 Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply.
 Where didst thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious earth? 50
 Who on its surface did extend the line,
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
 Who fix'd the corner-stone? what hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air,

* The book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of Old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after practice of the Greek stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived than to any since. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod. ch. xix. Ezek. ch. i. &c.* Hence is he said to dwell in thick darkness: and have his way in the whirlwind.

When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
 When heav'n's high arch with loud hosanna's rung,
 When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
 Earth's num'rous kingdoms, hast thou view'd them all?
 And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
 Who heav'd the mountain which sublimely stands,
 And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,
 Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
 I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd side,
 And did a basin for the floods provide;
 I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
 Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;
 "Thus far thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
 "And here, O Main! be thy proud billows stay'd*."
 Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep,
 Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?
 Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
 Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
 Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
 Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head;

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light, &c.* so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument that Moses is author of the book of Job.

Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
 Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
 E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
 To the black portal thro' th' incumbent shade? 80
 Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
 My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the Light? in what refulgent dome?
 And where has Darkness made her dismal home?
 Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
 With ripen'd wisdom thro' long ages brought, 86
 Since Nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
 And into being rose beneath thine eye!

Are mists begotten? who their father knew?
 From whom descend the pearly drops of dew? 90
 To bind the stream by night what hand can boast?
 Or whiten morning with the hoary frost?
 Whose powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
 Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?
 A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd, 95
 And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
 How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
 Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? canst thou
 In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow? 100
 And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
 Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?

Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
 Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?

Who can refresh the burning sandy plain, 105
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone. 110

To check the show'r who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains,
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields 115
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?

Hast thou e'er scal'd my wintry skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage thro' the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast, 125
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes thro' Nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball? 130
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the comet out to such a size,
 And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
 Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he
 Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein
 That guides the stars along th' ethereal plain?
 Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
 Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
 Canst thou the skies' benevolence restrain,
 And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain?
 Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
 Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
 Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know,
 And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
 Mine is the Night, with all her stars; I pour
 Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost thou pronounce where Day-light shall be born,
 And draw the purple curtain of the Morn?
 Awake the Sun, and bid him come away,
 And glad thy world with his obsequious ray?
 Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
 Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?
 That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
 That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?

Who did the Soul with her rich pow'rs invest,
 And light up reason in the human breast,
 To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
 When stars and sun are set in endless night?

To these my various questions make reply.

Th' Almighty spoke, and, speaking, shook the sky.

What then, Chaldean Sire! was thy surprise?

Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcast eyes:

"Once and again, which I in groans deplore, 165

"My tongue has err'd, but shall presume no more.

"My voice is in eternal silence bound,

"And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."

He ceas'd: when, lo! again th' Almighty spoke;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

Can that arm measure with an arm divine? 171

And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?

Or in the hollow of thy hand contain

The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,

When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise 175

In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

Come forth, in Beauty's excellence array'd,

And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd;

Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make

The spacious round of the creation shake; 180

Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow

Triumphant Vice, lay lofty tyrants low,

And crumble them to dust. When this is done,

I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;

Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand 185

Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond Man! the vision of a moment made!

Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!

What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd,
 What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd? 190
 When, pain'd with hunger, the wild Raven's brood
 Loud calls on God*, importunate for food;
 Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
 And stills the clamour of the craving nest?

Who in the stupid Ostrich † has subdu'd 195
 A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
 While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
 Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
 Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
 And borrow life from an indulgent sky; 200

* Another argument that Moses was the author is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *καράσσω* & *κράζω*, *Aelian*. lib. ii. c. 48. is to ask earnestly. And since there were ravens on the banks of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in this place.

† There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: let two suffice. First, It covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight,

-----Stat lumine clauso
 Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
 Quae non ipsa videt----- Claud.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that Heliogabalus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A likeness is lost in too much description, as a meaning often in too much illustration.

Adopted by the Sun, in blaze of day;
 They ripen under his prolific ray;
 Unmindful she that some unhappy tread
 May crush her young in their neglected bed:
 What time she skims along the field with speed *, 203
 She scorns the rider, and pursuing speed †.

How rich the Peacock †! what bright glories run
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
 He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
 Gives all his colours, and adorns the day; 210
 With conscious state the spacious round displays,
 And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the Hawk to find, in seasons wise,
 Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
 When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
 Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind; 216

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and, using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

Vasta velut Lybiae venantium vocibus aies

Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,

Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis

Pulverulenta volat.

Claud. in Eur.

† Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass, but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or an hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

‡ Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true: *Expandit colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. lx. c. 20.

The sun returning, she returns agen,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' strong the Hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly *,
An eagle drops her in a lower sky; 210
An eagle, when, deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unwearied flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and seat her on the clift,
Where far above thy world she dwells alone; 225
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey †?
She feasts her young with blood, and, how'ring o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore. 230
Know'st thou how many moons, by me assign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain Goat and forest Hind ‡,

* Thuanus (*De re Accip.*) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

† The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

‡ The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the time and circumstances of their bringing forth? for to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *Seselis*, which fa-

While, pregnant, they a mother's load sustain;
 They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain:
 Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
 Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
 They live at once, forsake the dam's warm side,
 Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide;
 Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade,
 And find a home in each delightful shade. 240

Will the tall Reem, which knows no lord but me,
 Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
 Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
 Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
 Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care,
 Lay on his neck the toil of all the year; 246
 Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
 And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the Wild Ass discharge,
 And break his bonds, and bid him live at large; 250
 Thro' the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
 And lose himself in his unbounded home?

By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
 His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
 As in pure air aloft he bounds along, 255
 He sees in distant smoke the city throng;

cilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect, P. xxix. In so early an age to observe these things may style our author a Naturalist.

Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike Horse! didst thou invest
With thunder his robust distended chest? 260

No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;

'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze;

To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,

And triumphs in the fulness of his might:

High-rai'd, he snuffs the battle from afar, 265

And burns to plunge amid the raging war;

And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,

And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.

How does his firm, his rising heart, advance

Full on the brandish'd sword and shaken lance, 270

While his fix'd eyeballs meet the dazzling shield,

Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!

He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,

Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;

But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast 275

Till death, and when he groans, he groans his last.

But, fiercer still, the lordly Lion stalks,

Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;

When round he glares, all living creatures fly;

He clears the desert with his rolling eye. 280

Say, Mortal! does he rouse at thy command,

And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?

Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,

And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,

Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood, 285
 And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
 Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
 By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,*
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.
 Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill; 291
 They rage, they rend; their rav'nous jaws distill
 With crimson foam; and when the banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore:
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust, 295
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my Behemoth, tho' large his frame;
 Smooth is his temper, and repress'd his flame,
 While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food; 300
 Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
 To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
 See, with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
 All over proof, and shut against a wound!
 How like a mountain-cedar moves his tail! 305
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
 Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;

* Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion, *Psal.* civ. 20. The Arabians have one among their five hundred names for the lion, which signifies the hunter by moon-shine.

His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
 Give the wide forest and the mountain law. 310
 The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
 The fens and marshes are his cool retreat, 315
 His noontide shelter from the burning heat;
 Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
 And groves of willows give him all their shade.
 His eye drinks Jordan up, when, fir'd with drought,
 He trusts to turn its current down his throat; 320
 In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain;
 He sinks a river *, and he thirsts again.

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
 Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide;
 With slender hair Leviathan † command, 325
 And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.
 Will he become thy servant? will he own
 Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?

* *Cepheii glabiale caput quo fuerus anhelam
 Ferre sium Python, amnemque avertere ponto.*

Stat. Theb. v. 349.

*Qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
 Flumina, &c.*

Claud. Præf. in Ruf.

Let not, then, this hyperbole seem too much for an Eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard, in this place, for a new construction, through fear of it.

† The taking the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *Nemo antea religavit.*

Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
 And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play? 330
 Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize?
 And the bowl journey round his ample size?
 Or the debating merchants share the prey,
 And various limbs to various marts convey?
 Thro' his firm scull what steel its way can win? 335
 What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
 Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might;
 The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight;
 The rashest dare not rouse him up*: who then
 Shall turn on me, among the sons of men? 340

Am I a debtor? hast thou ever heard
 Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?
 My lavish fruit a thousand vallies fills,
 And mine the herds that graze a thousand hills:
 Earth, sea, and air, all Nature is my own, 345
 And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne;
 And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vye,
 Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?

At full my huge Leviathan shall rise, 349
 Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size:
 Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
 Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold
 Destruction yawns†; his spacious jaws unfold,

* This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when
 fated with fish to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

† The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he
 gapes, says Pliny, *fit totum os*. Martial says to his old woman,

And, marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose 355
 Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
 What hideous fangs on either side arise!
 And what a deep abyss between them lies!
 Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet sound,
 The one how long, the other how profound! 360

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
 That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll
 As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
 Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.
 The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas, 365
 Thy terror, this thy great superior please;
 Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
 His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
 His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
 As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart. 370
 When, late-awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
 And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora

Niliacus habet crocodilus angusta.

So that the expression there is barely just.

* This, too, is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repressed is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens volvitur sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note, I would caution against a false opinion of the Eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
 And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
 Far round are fatal damps of terror spread, 375
 The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

Large is his front ; and when his burnish'd eyes
 Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise *.

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade ; 380
 His naked breast their impotence defies ;
 The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
 Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears ;

* *His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian ; the two last are notoriously so ; they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile ; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand ; viz: the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered behemoth and leviathan, the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it ; but Moses being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the hippopotamos and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow ; 385
His sport the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a chaldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud ;
The billows feel him as he works his way,
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea ; 390
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face ;
Alone in Nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd : 395
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around ;
Makes ev'ry swollen disdainful heart subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of Pride.

Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breast,
With full conviction of his crime oppress'd. 400

“ Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might !
“ And ev'ry thought is naked to thy sight :
“ But, oh ! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
“ Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
“ Oft' have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r, 405
“ But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
“ O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
“ Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee :
“ Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more :
“ Man is not made to question, but adore.” 410

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

AND A POSTSCRIPT.

TO MRS. B * * * * *

My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatness;
when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips. Psalm lxxli. 6.

PART I.

I.

THE days how few, how short the years,
Of man's too rapid race!
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place?

II.

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more
Than to begin to die.

III.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget.

IV.

And am not I to these a-kin?
Age slumbers o'er the quill;

Volume IV.

Its honour blots whate'er it writes, 15
And am I writing still?

V.

Conscious of Nature in decline,
And langour in my thoughts,
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults, 20

VI.

Permit me, Madam! ere to you
The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt Infirmary,
Sad sister of Decay.

VII.

One world deceas'd, another born, 25
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows
Too many suns have roll'd.

VIII.

Happy the Patriarch! he rejoic'd
His second world to see; 30
My second world, tho' gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

IX.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread;
Near all with whom I liv'd and smil'd, 35
Whilst life was life, are dead;

And with them dy'd my joys: the grave
Has broken Nature's laws;
And clos'd against this feeble frame
Its partial, cruel jaws: 40

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my sight;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write? Thalia! tell;
Say, long abandon'd Muse! 45

What field of fancy shall I range?
What subject shall I chuse?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame, 50

For doting on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes which most admire,
Which dazzle or amaze;

Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze, 55

Are themes which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain,

And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay Folly's flood restrain;

XVI.

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind,

And with unfading laurels crown

The brow of the resign'd.

XVII.

O Resignation! yet unsung,

Untouch'd by former strains,

Tho' claiming ev'ry Muse's smile,

And ev'ry poet's pains:

XVIII.

Beneath life's ev'ning solemn shade

I dedicate my page

To thee, thou safest guard of youth!

Thou sole support of age!

XIX.

All other duties crescents are

Of virtue faintly bright;

The glorious consummation thou!

Which fills her orb with light:

XX.

How rarely fill'd! the love divine

In evils to discern;

This the first lesson which we want,

The latest which we learn:

XXI.

A melancholy truth! for know,
 Could our proud hearts resign,
 The distance greatly would decrease
 'Twixt human and divine.

XXII.

But tho' full noble is my theme,
 Full urgent is my call
 To soften sorrow, and forbid
 The bursting tear to fall,

XXIII.

The task I dread: dare I to leave
 Of human prose the shore,
 And put to sea? a dang'rous sea!
 What throngs have sunk before!

XXIV.

How proud the poet's billows swell!
 The God! the God! his boast;
 A boast how vain! what wrecks abound!
 Dead bards stench every coast.

XXV.

What then am I? shall I presume,
 On such a moulten wing,
 Above the gen'ral wreck to rise,
 And, in my winter, sing?

XXVI.

When nightingales, when sweetest bards,
 Confine their charming song

To summer's animating heats,
Content to warble young.

XXVII.

Yet write I must; a lady * sues;
How shameful her request?
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the best!

XXVIII.

But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you a stranger, but, thro' fate,
No stranger to your pain.

XXIX.

The ghost of Grief deccas'd ascends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you:

XXX.

Too well he knows the twisted strings
Of ardent hearts combin'd,
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be resign'd!

XXXI.

Those tears you pour his eyes have shed;
The pang you feel he felt;
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
His heart at your's to melt.

* Mrs. M—.

XXXII.

But what can heart or head suggest? 125

What sad Experience say? 126

Thro' truths austere to peace we work

Our rugged, gloomy way. 127

XXXIII.

What are we? whence? for what? and whither? 128

Who know not needs must mourn; 130

But Thought, bright daughter of the Skies!

Can tears to triumph turn. 131

XXXIV.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's

Impenetrable shield, 132

When, sent by Fate, we meet our foes 133

In fore Affliction's field: 134

XXXV.

It plucks the frightful mask from ills,

Forbids pale Fear to hide, 135

Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,

Which turns affection's tide. 140

XXXVI.

Affection frail! train'd up by Sense,

From Reason's channel strays,

And whilst it blindly points at peace,

Our peace to pain betrays. 145

XXXVII.

Thought winds its fond erroneous stream

From daily-dying flowers, 146

To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bow'ers;

XXXVIII.

Whence throngs, in ecstasy, look down,
On what once shock'd their fight; bloom 150
And thank the terrors of the past
For ages of delight.

XXXIX.

All withers here; who most possess
Are losers by their gain; .
Stung by full proof that, bad at best, 155
Life's idle all is vain;

XL.

Vain, in its course, life's murmur'ing stream;
Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease, life, then, would seem
Still vainer, from its end. 160

XLI.

How wretched! who, thro' cruel Fate,
Have nothing to lament,
With the poor alms this world affords,
Deplorably content? 165

XLII.

Had not the Greek his world mistook, 170
His wish had been most wise;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we should despise.

XLIII.

Of earth's revenue would you state
 A full account and fair? 1170
 We hope, and hope, and hope, then cast
 The total up—despair.

XLIV.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
 Embrace the lot assign'd;
 Heav'n wounds to heal; its frowns are friends; 1175
 Its strokes severe most kind.

XLV.

But in laps'd nature rooted deep,
 Blind Error domineers,
 And on fools' errands, in the dark,
 Sends out our hopes and fears; 1180

XLVI.

Bids us for ever pains deplote,
 Our pleasures overprize;
 These oft' persuade us to be weak,
 Those urge us to be wise.

XLVII.

From Virtue's rugged path to right, 1185
 By Pleasure are we brought
 To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
 Pain chides us for our fault:

XLVIII.

Yet whilst it chides it speaks of peace,
 If folly is withstood, 1190

And says, time pays an easy price
For our eternal good.

XLIX.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,

What an economist is man!

195

To spend his whole estate,

Letting the lot of all men be

And beggar an eternity?

For which, as he was born,

More worlds than one against it weigh'd,

As feathers he should scorn.

LI. Blind error's dangerous

Say not your loss in triumph hails

Religion's feeble strife;

Joys future amply reimburse

Joys bankrupts of this life.

LII. Our pleasures overprice

But not deferr'd your joy so long,

It bears an early date;

Affliction's ready pay in hand

Befriends our present state.

LIII. By Pleasure we are won

What are the tears which trickle down

Her melancholy face,

Like liquid pearl? like pearls of price,

They purchase lasting peace.

It folly is without

LIV.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
 Impetuous passion tames,
 And keeps insatiate keen desire
 From launching in extremes.

LV.

Thro' time's dark womb, our judgment right,
 If our dim eye was thrown,
 Clear should we see the will divine
 Has but forestall'd our own.

LVI.

At variance with our future wish,
 Self-fever'd, we complain:
 If so, the wounded, not the wound,
 Must answer for the pain.

LVII.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
 Tho' you may think it slow,
 When, in the list of Fortune's smiles,
 You'll enter frowns of woe.

LVIII.

For mark the path of Providence;
 This course it has pursu'd,
 "Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
 "Of sound important good."

LIX.

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
 By strong and endless ties,

And ev'ry sorrow cuts a string, 235

And urges us to rise.

LX.

'Twill sound severe—yet rest assur'd

I'm studious of your peace;

Tho' I should dare to give you joy—

Yes, joy of his decease. 240

LXI.

An hour shall come (you question this)

An hour, when you shall bless,

Beyond the brightest beams of life,

Dark days of your distress.

LXII.

Hear, then, without surprise, a truth, 245

A daughter-truth to this,

Swift turns of Fortune often tie

A bleeding heart to bliss.

LXIII.

Esteem you this a paradox?

My sacred motto read; 250

A glorious truth, divinely sung

By one whose heart had bled.

LXIV.

To Resignation swift he flew;

In her a friend he found;

A friend which bless'd him with a smile, 255

When gasping with his wound.

LXV. *And say, what is a man?*

On earth nought precious is obtain'd

But what is painful too;

By travel, and to travel born,

Our sabbaths are but few. 260

LXVI. *When vain man boasts a pure to boot*

To real joy we work our way,

Encount'ring many a shock,

Ere found what truly charms, as found

A Venus in the block. *How expands the heart!*

LXVII. *How critically tim'd*

In some disaster, some severe 265

Appointment for our sins,

That mother-blessing, (not so call'd)

True happiness, begins. *It worth like this is born*

LXVIII. *O long below'd! I block*

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames

By stings of life unvex'd; 270

First rose some quarrel with this world,

Then passion for the next. *He reason's empire leaves*

LXIX. *Deep sighs come by a decree*

You see, then, pangs are parent-pangs,

The pangs of happy birth;

Pangs, by which only can be born 275

True happiness on earth. *Labour'd in length of time*

LXX. *Girl is dilated, and late*

The peopled earth look all around,

Or thro' time's records run, *The book of life*

And say, what is a man unstruck ?

It is a man undone.

LXXI.

'This moment am I deeply stung—

My bold pretence is try'd

When vain man boasts, Heav'n puts to proof

The vauntings of his pride.

LXXII.

Now need I, Madam! your support.—

How exquisite the smart!

How critically tim'd the news *

Which strikes me to the heart!

LXXIII.

The pangs of which I spoke I feel:

If worth like thine is born,

O long belov'd! I bless the blow,

And triumph whilst I mourn.

LXXIV.

Nor mourn I long; by grief subdu'd

Be reason's empire shown;

Deep anguish comes by Heav'n's decree,

Continues by our own;

LXXV.

And when continu'd past its point,

Indulg'd in length of time,

Grief is disgrace, and what was fate

Corrupts into a crime.

* The death of Mr. Richardson.

LXXXVI.
 And shall I, criminally mean,
 Myself and subject wrong?
 No; my example shall support
 The subject of my song.

LXXXVII.
 Madam! I grant your loss is great,
 Nor little is your gain!
 Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
 It richly pays your pain.

LXXXVIII.
 When Heav'n would kindly set us free,
 And earth's enchantment end,
 It takes the most effectual means,
 And robs us of a friend.

LXXXIX.
 But such a friend!—and sigh no more!
 'Tis prudent, but severe:
 Heav'n aid my weakness, and I drop
 All sorrow—with this tear.

LXXX.
 Perhaps your settled grief to Joath
 I should not vainly strive,
 But with soft balm your pain assuage,
 Had he been still alive;

LXXXI.
 Whose frequent aid brought kind relief
 In my distress of thought,

Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault.

LXXXII.

To touch our passions' secret springs 335
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In bosoms of the fair.

LXXXIII.

Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond imparts, 339
To him presented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

LXXXIV.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle smooth address;
His tender hand to touch the wound 335
In throbbings of distress.

LXXXV.

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest'd
With Æsculapian art:
Know, Love sometimes, mistaken Love! 340
Plays Disaffection's part.

LXXXVI.

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Tho' transports are deny'd.

LXXXVII.

Are you not, then, unkindly kind? 343

Is not your love severe?

O! stop that crystal source of woe,

Nor wound him with a tear.

LXXXVIII.

As those above from human bliss

Receive increase of joy, 350

May not a stroke from human woe,

In part, their peace destroy?

LXXXIX.

He lives in those he left; — to what?

Your, now, paternal care:

Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye; 355

It will discern him there;

XC.

In features, not of form alone,

But those, I trust, of mind;

Auspicious to the public weal,

And to their fate resign'd. 360

XCI.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd,

Revolve his battles won,

And let those prophesy your joy

From such a father's son.

XCII.

Is consolation what you seek? 365

Fan, then, his martial fire;

And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeath'd him by his fire.

XCIII.

As nothing great is born in haste,
Wife Nature's time allow;

His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

XCIV.

Nor, Madam! be surpris'd to hear,
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field
(Proud boasters!) than to you.

XCV.

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born.

XCVI.

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High-wav'd o'er all the world;

XCVII.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
An universal light;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day,
On nations whelm'd in night.

XCVIII.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory high'r, 390
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
When those we love expire?

XCIX.

Go forth a moral Amazon,
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, tho' costing dear, 395
You'll think it cheaply bought.

C.

The passive hero, who sits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath Affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cæsar's toil. 400

CI.

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes,
Inferior praise afford;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword.

CII.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas 405
From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whispers of applause.

CIII.

The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view 410

His triumphs on the main undone,

Thus conquer'd, twice, by you! *Can mount our glory high*

002

CIV.

Share his delight; take heed to shun *Then to sustain or gain*

Of bosoms most diseas'd *When those we love expire*

That odd distemper, an absurd *415*

Reluctance to be pleas'd, *Go forth a moral Amazon*

Arm'd with undaunted CV.

Some seem in love with Sorrow's charms, *The battle fierce*

And that foul fiend embrace: *You'll think it cheap*

This temper let me justly brand, *420*

And stamp it with disgrace. *Unhappy hero, who*

Unhappy, and can smile CVI.

Sorrow! of horrid parentage! *Beneath Affliction's*

Thou second-born of hell! *Out-sets a Celer's*

Against Heav'n's endless mercies pour'd

How dar'st thou to rebel? *The pillow stain'd by blood*

Inferior prize afford CVII.

From black and noxious vapours bred, *425*

And nurs'd by want of thought, *More glorious than*

And to the door of Frenzy's self

By Perseverance brought. *Not can the thunder of*

From moaning nations CVIII.

Thy most inglorious, coward tears, *Such sweet deluge*

From brutal eyes have ran; *Whips of spleen* *430*

Smiles, incommunicable smiles!

Are radiant marks of man; *The dear decess'd*

CIA

With what delight he view

CIX.

They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;

And light, in sons of honest Joy,
Some beams of Moses' face.

CX.

Is Resignation's lesson hard?
Examine, we shall find

That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind.

CXI.

Resign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove;

Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on One above;

CXII.

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hands,

Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

CXIII.

For joy what cause! how ev'ry sense
Is courted from above

The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love!

CXIV.

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,

And terminate, wrapt up in sense, 435
 Their prospect at the saw.

CXV.

From that, their final point of view,
 From that their radiant goal,
 On travel infinite of thought,
 Sets out the nobler soul. 466

CXVI.

Broke loose from Time's tenacious ties,
 And Earth's involving gloom,
 To range at large its vast domain,
 And talk with worlds to come.

CXVII.

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd, 465
 Life's idle moments run;
 And doing nothing for themselves,
 Imagine nothing done.

CXVIII.

Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
 Their dread account proceeds, 470
 And their not-doing is set down
 Amongst their darkest deeds.

CXIX.

Tho' man sits still, and takes his ease,
 God is at work on man; 475
 No means, no moments unemploy'd,
 To bless him, if he can.

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CXXX.
But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate; **CXXX.**

Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late. **480**

CXXXI.
Hence loud laments. Let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father! plead; **CXXXI.**

Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made. **CXXXI.**

CXXXII.
What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child: **CXXXII.**

Love brought it forth, and, from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd. **485**

CXXXIII.
Now, and thro' periods distant far,
Long ere the world began, **490**

Heav'n is, and has in travail been,
Its birth the good of man. **CXXXIII.**

CXXXIV.
Man holds in constant service bound
The blust'ring winds and seas;

Nor suns disdain to travel hard, **495**
Their master, man, to please. **CXXXIV.**

CXXXV.
To final good the worst events
Thro' secret channels run;

Finish for man their destin'd course,
As 'twas for man begun,

CXXVI.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often smote, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong
That Heav'n in man delights.

CXXVII.

What's known to man of things unseen,
Of future worlds or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates.

CXXVIII.

What's revelation then? a list,
An inventory just,
Of that poor insect's goods so late
Call'd out of night and dust.

CXXIX.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight? Our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere.

CXXX.

Would we in heav'n new heav'n create,
And double its delight?
A smiling world, when Heav'n looks down,
How pleasing in its sight!

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incense sweet enjoy, and join
Its aromatic praise.

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of Heav'n's avenging rod;
When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God?

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an harmless wand;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand;
Like that it swallows up what'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate Love! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand?
To banish sorrow, and be bless'd,
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliss shall we complain?

The man who dares to be a wretch
Deserves still greater pain.

CXXXVII.

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the Pow'r
Who sweetly plans the whole.

CXXXVIII.

Joy is our Eden still possess'd :
Be gone, ignoble Grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature our relief.

CXXXIX.

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know;
Transport's the language of the skies,
Content the style below.

CXL.

Content is joy; and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilst good present we possess,
More precious we pursue.

CXLI.

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, int'rest bears,
Which daily swells the sum.

CXLII. like a friend's soul's horizon

"But how to smile, to stem the tide" 565

"Of nature in our veins;"

"Is it not hard to weep in joy?"

"What then to smile in pains?"

CXLIII. And gives it strength

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,

And struggles thro' a storm, 570

Proclaims the mind as great as good,

And bids it doubly charm

CXLIV. When she, to grace her strength

If doubly charming in our sex,

A sex by nature bold,

What then in yours? 'tis di'mond there, 575

Triumphant o'er our gold.

CXLV. Will bring to life those thoughts

And should not this complaint repress

And check the rising sigh?

Yet farther opiate to your pain

I labour to supply. 580

CXLVI. Will leave to me the thoughts

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort

Ideas of delight,

Look thro' the medium of a friend,

To set your notions right.

CXLVII. That triple hand in

As tears the sight; grief dims the soul; 585

Its object dark appears;

True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul's horizon clears.

CXLVIII.

A friend's an optic to the mind
With sorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

CXLIX.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
Assumes a female air.

CL.

A friend you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts,
Which dy'd in your distress.

CLI.

That friend the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the drag, in thoughts
Too common, such as these.

CLII.

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are giv'n;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n.

* Mrs. M—

CLIII.

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
'Tis brewing perfect pains; 610

Lull'd Reason sleeps, the Pulse is king;
Despotic Body reigns.

CLIV.

Have you ne'er pity'd Joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?

Alas, poor Envy is she's stone-blind;
And quite mistakes her mark: 615

CLV.

Her mark lies hid in Sorrow's shades;
But sorrow well subdu'd;

And in proud Fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good. 620

CLVI.

By Resignation; all in that
A double friend may find,

A wing to heav'n, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind.

CLVII.

On pillows void of down, for rest
Our restless hopes we place; 625

When hopes of heav'n lie warm at least,
Our hearts repose in peace.

CLVIII.

That peace, which Resignation yields,
Who feel alone can guess; 630

'Tis disbeliev'd by murm'ring minds,
They must conclude it less;

CLIX.

The loss or gain of that alone
Have we to hope or fear;
That Fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year.

635

CLX.

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind;
Thro' clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd

640

CLXI.

While man, by that, of ev'ry grace
And virtue is possess'd,
Foul Vice her Pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast.

CLXII.

By Resignation we defeat
The worst that can annoy,
And suffer with far more repose
Than worldlings can enjoy.

645

CLXIII.

From small experience this I speak;
O grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye Pow'rs
Who form our fates above!

650

CLXIV. And from the purple
My love where due, if not to those
Who, leaving grandeur, came

To shine on age in mean recess, 653
And light me to my theme

CLXV. And though I
A theme themselves! a theme how rare!
The charms which they display

To triumph over captive heads, 660
Are set in bright array.

CLXVI. And hence—
With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die;

CLXVII. And Gordon
Learning and Genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.

CLXVIII. And many a blockhead
This revolution, fix'd by Fate, 665
In fable was foretold;

CLXIX. Our authors made
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold.

CLXX. And call for what or where
But as those ladies' * works I read, 670
They darted such a ray,

The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day.

CLXXI. Though it is by itself
So burst full ripe distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the sun;

* Mrs. M—, Mrs. C—.

And from the purple grape unpress'd, 673
Spontaneous nectars run.

CLXX. Who leaving grandeur

Pallas, ('tis said) when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain,
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of Wisdom's brighter reign; 680

CLXXI. The charms which

Her helmet took; that is, shot rays
Of formidable wit;
And lance,—or genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

CLXXII. His boasted lance

And Gorgon shield,—or, pow'r to fright 685
Man's folly dreadful shone;
And many a blockhead (easy change!)
Turn'd instantly to stone.

CLXXIII. In table was

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now scratch a damag'd head, 690
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddess fled.

CLXXIV. They doted

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd in by surly man, is now 695
To Britain's daughters free.

CLXXV.

In Eve (we know) of fruit to fall,
The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have cou'd a fall
A fall of fame in man.

CLXXVI.

And since of genius in our sex
O Addison! with thee
The sun is set, how I rejoice
This sister lamp to see!

CLXXVII.

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state:
His lessen'd light, and languid power,
I show, whilst I relate.

PART III.

But what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns?
"In ruffling seasons to be calm,
" And smile while Fortune frowns."
Heav'n's choice is safer than our own;
Of ages past inquire,
What the most formidable fate
" To have our own desire."

CLIV. And from the people.

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
You wish extremely ill;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

CLV. And from the people.

What numbers rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish!
With ardent, ever wrong!

CLVI. And from the people.

'Tis Resignation's full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies:
Error most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the skies.

CLVII. And from the people.

By closing with the skies, we make
Omnipotence our own;

That done, how formidable ill's

Whole army is o'erthrown!

CLVIII. And from the people.

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourselves above we rise;
We scarce believe ourselves below;

We trespass on the skies.

CLIX. And from the people.

The Lord, and Soul, and Source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,

Is executing human will.
In earth, and air, and seas.

IX. I think'd his noble breast

Beyond us what can angels boast?
Archangels what require?

Whate'er below, above, is done,

35

Is done as—we desire.

X. At distance Cæsar throw;

What glory this for man so mean,

Whose life is but a span?

This is meridian majesty!

This the sublime of man!

XI. It wonders can perform;

Beyond the boast of Pagan song

My sacred subject shines,

And for a foil the lustre takes

Of Rome's exalted lines.

XII. Where, mounted on the

"All that the sun surveys subdu'd,"

45

"But Cato's mighty mind"

How grand! most true; yet far beneath

The soul of the resign'd.

XIII. To transcend the common

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,

To passion that gives law;

50

Its matchless empire could have kept

Great Cato's pride in awe.

XIV. *How many human wills are executing*

That fatal pride, whose cruel point, in earth, and air,

Transfix'd his noble breast;

Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd, *55*

Had left to Heaven the rest: *Archangels what require*

What'er below, above, is done XV.

Then he the palm had borne away, *—we—*

At distance Cæsar thrown;

Put him off cheaply with the world, *What glory this*

And made the skies his own. *—no life is but a space* 60

XVI. *This is meridian majesty*

What cannot Resignation do? *This the sublime of man*

It wonders can perform: *IX*

That pow'ful charm, "Thy will be done," *Beyond it*

Can lay the loudest storm. *My sacred spirit shines*

XVII. *And for a foil the better*

Come, Resignation! then, from fields, *Rome's exalt* 65

Where, mounted on the wing,

A wing of flame, bless'd martyrs' souls *All that the east*

Ascended to their King. *But Cato's mighty mind*

XVIII. *How grand! most true*

Who is it calls thee? One whose need *The fool of the world*

Transcends the common size; *70*

Who stands in front against a foe *To more than King*

To which none equal rise: *To passion that gives law*

XIX. *is matchless empire could keep*

In front he stands, the brink he treads, *Great Cato's*

Of an eternal state; *—*

How dreadful his appointed post!

75

How strongly arm'd by Fate!

XX.

His threat'ning foe! what shadows deep

O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!

His dart tremend'ous!—at fourscore

My sole asylum thou.

XXI.

Haste then, O Resignation! haste,

'Tis thine to reconcile

My foe and me; at thy approach,

My foe begins to smile.

XXII.

O for that summit of my will,

Whilst here I draw my breath,

That promise of eternal life,

A glorious smile in death!

XXIII.

What sight, heav'n's azure arch beneath,

Hath most of heav'n to boast!

The man resign'd, at once serene,

And giving up the ghost.

XXIV.

At Death's arrival they shall smile

Who, not in life o'er-gay,

Serious and frequent thought send out

To meet him in his way.

Volume IV.

M

XXV. **My gay Coevals! (such there are)**
If happiness is dear,
Approaching Death's alarming day
Discreetly let us fear. 100

XXVI. **The fear of death is truly wise,**
Till wisdom can rise high'r;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, desire. 105

XXVII. **Grand climacteric vanities**
The vainest will despise;
Shock'd when, beneath the snow of age,
Man immaturally dies. 110

XXVIII. **But am not I myself the man?**
No need abroad to roam 115
In quest of faults to be chastis'd;
What cause to blush at home!

XXIX. **In life's decline, when men relapse**
Into the sports of youth,
The second child outfools the first,
And tempts the lash of Truth. 120

XXX. **Shall a mere truant from the grave**
With rival boys engage?

His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage? 120

XXXI.

Here, Madam! let me visit one;
My fault who partly shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years. 125

XXXII.

And if your breast with prudent zeal
For Resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Resentment at its foes. 130

XXXIII.

In youth, V—taire! our foibles plead
For some indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too. 135

XXXIV.

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind discreet,
For joys it takes away. 140

XXXV.

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
'Tis praise to be forgot. 145

XXXVI.
The wife, as flow'rs, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When ev'ning damps and shades descend,
Their evolutions close.

XXXVII.
What tho' your Muse has nobly soar'd,
Is that our true sublime?

Ours, hoary Friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time.

XXXVIII.
Why close a life so justly fam'd
With such bold trash as this? 150

This for renown? yes, such as makes
Obscurity a bliss.

XXXIX.
Your trash, with mine at open war,
Is obstinately bent †,

Like wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent.

XL.
With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix?

Why dash with pain our pleasure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

XLI.
Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,

* Candid.

† Second Part.

Confound us with a double stroke ;

We shudder, whilst we praise:

XLIII.

A curious web, as finely wrought

As genius can inspire,

From a black bag of poison spun,

With horror we admire.

XLIV.

Mean as it is, if this is read

With a disdainful air,

I can't forgive so great a foe

To my dear friend V—taire.

XLV.

Early I knew him, early prais'd,

And long to praise him late ;

His genius greatly I admire,

Nor would deplore his fate :

XLVI.

A fate how much to be deplor'd,

At which our nature starts !

Forbear to fall on your own sword,

To perish by your parts.

XLVII.

" But great your name"—To feed on air

Were then immortals born ?

Nothing is great, of which more great,

More glorious is the scorn.

XLVII.

Can fame your carcase from the worm,
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe, save?

XLVIII.

But fame you lose; good sense alone
Your idol, praise can claim;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame.

XLIX.

Nor boast your genius; talents bright
Ev'n dunces will despise;
If in your western beams is mis'd
A genius for the skies.

L.

Your taste, too, fails: what most excels,
True taste must relish most;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudest laurels boast?

LII.

Sound heads salvation's helmet * seek;
Resplendent are its rays;
Let that suffice; it needs no plume
Of sublunary praise.

LIII.

May this enable couch'd V—taire
To see that—All is right †,

* Eph. vi. 17.

† Which his romance ridicules.

His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,

Restoring to its sight;

138

LIII. Can cover from his sight

If so, all's well : who much have err'd,

'That much have been forgiven;

I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,

" V—taires are, now, in hear'n."

LIV. Thro' night's blind

Nay, such philanthropy divine,

So boundless in degree,

Its marvellous of love extends

215

(Stoop most profound!) to me.

LV. In my minute

Let others cruel stars arraign,

Or dwell on their distress;

But let my page, for mercies pour'd,

A grateful heart express.

LVI. To wield that vast

Walking, the present God was seen,

Of old, in Eden fair:

The God as present, by plain steps

Of providential care,

LVII. Of all his wonders

I behold passing through my life;

His awful voice I hear;

And, conscious of my nakedness,

Would hide myself for fear:

LVIII.

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his sight? 230

Naked the centre to that eye,
To which the sun is night.

LIX.

As yonder glitt'ring lamps on high
Thro' night illumin'd roll;

May thoughts of him by whom they shine 235
Chase darkness from my soul!

LX.

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,

As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars; 240

LXI.

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,

Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within;

LXII.

A world that shall survive the fall 245
Of all his wonders here;

Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

LXIII.

Yon' matter gross, how bright it shines!
For time how great his care! 250

Sure spirit and eternity **LXIX.**

Far richer glories share, **LXIX.**

LXIX.

Let those our hearts impress, on those

Our contemplation dwell,

On those my thoughts how justly thrown, **255**

By what I now shall tell!

LXX.

When backward with attentive mind

Life's labyrinth I trace,

I find him far myself beyond!

Propitious to my peace

LXXI.

Thro' all the crooked paths I trod,

My folly he pursu'd;

My heart astray, to quick return

Importunately woo'd!

LXXII.

Due Resignation home to press

On my capricious will,

How many rescues did I meet!

Beneath the mask of ill!

LXXIII.

How many foes in ambush laid

Beneath my soul's desire!

The deepest penitents are made

By what we most admire.

LXXIV.

LXIX.

Have I not sometimes, (real good
So little mortals know!)

Mounting the summit of my wish; 275
Profoundly plung'd in woe!

LXX.

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to blefs:

Of I lamented an event,
It turn'd to my success. 280

LXXI.

By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight; 285

Thro' dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

LXXII.

And is not this the gloomy path 290
Which you are treading now?

The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow.

LXXIII.

When lab'ring under fancy'd ill, 295
My spirits to sustain,

He kindly cur'd with sov'reign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

LXXIV.

Pain'd Sense from Fancy's tyranny
Alone can set us free:

A thousand miseries we feel, 295

Till sunk in misery.

LXXV.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,

Our wish we relish less:

Success, a sort of suicide,

Is ruin'd by success. 300

LXXVI.

Sometimes he led me near to death,

And, pointing to the grave,

Bid Terror whisper kind advice,

And taught the tomb to save. 305

LXXVII.

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds,

As spangles, o'er us shine,

One day he gave, and bid the next

My soul's delight resign. 310

LXXVIII.

We to ourselves, but thro' the means

Of mirrors, are unknown; 315

In this my fate can you descry

No features of your own?

LXXIX.

And if you can, let that excuse

These self-recording lines;

A record modesty forbids, 315

Or to small bound confines.

LXXX
In grief why deep ingulf'd? you see
You suffer nothing rare; **LXXXI**

Uncommon grief for common fate;
That Wisdom cannot bear. **320**

LXXXI
When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end: **325**

LXXXII
But human prudence, too, must cease
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear. **330**

LXXXIII
The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I see a fair creation rise
From Chaos and old Night: **335**

LXXXIV
From what seem'd horror and despair,
The richest harvest rose,
And gave me, in the nod divine,
An absolute repose. **340**

LXXXV
Of all the blunders of mankind,
More gross, or frequent, none,

Than in their grief and joy misplac'd
Eternally are shown. 340

LXXXVI.

But whither points all this parade?
It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you should greatly prize.

LXXXVII.

Of self-perusal, science rare! 345
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

LXXXVIII.

Self-knowledge, which from Heav'n itself
(So fages tell us) came, 350
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

LXXXIX.

Unletter'd and untravell'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents, 355
The Delphos of the mind.

XC.

Enter your bosom; there you'll find
A revelation new,
A revelation personal, 360
Which none can read but you.

XCL.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
 In your enlighten'd thought,
 By mercies manifold, thro' life,
 To fresh remembrance brought,

XCII.

A mighty Being! and in him
 A complicated friend,
 A father, brother, spouse; no dread
 Of death, divorce, or end.

XCIII.

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
 And lodge him in their heart, 370
 Full well, from agonies exempt,
 With other friends may part.

XCIV.

As when o'erloaded branches bear
 Large clusters big with wine,
 We scarce regret one falling leaf 375
 From the luxuriant vine.

XCV.

My short advice to you may sound
 Obscure, or somewhat odd,
 Tho' 'tis the best that man can give,
 "Ev'n be content with God." 380

XCVI.

Thro' love he gave you the deceas'd;
 Thro' greater took him hence:

This Reason fully could evince,

Tho' murmur'd at by Sense.

XCVII.

This friend, far past the kindest kind, 385

Is past the greatest great;

His greatness let me touch in points

Not foreign to your state.

XCVIII.

His eye, this instant, reads your heart,

A truth less obvious hear, 390

This instant its most secret thoughts

Are sounding in his ear.

XCIX.

Dispute you this? O stand in awe,

And cease your sorrow; know,

That tear now trickling down he saw 395

Ten thousand years ago;

C.

And twice ten thousand hence, if you

Your temper reconcile

To Reason's bound, will he behold

Your prudence with a smile; 400

CL.

A smile which thro' eternity

Diffuses so bright rays,

The dimmest deifies ev'n guilt,

If guilt at last obeys.

Nü

CII. This Resignation could

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a Sov'reign reigns)
Your guilt diminish, peace pursue;
How glorious peace in pains!

CIII. This Resignation could

Here, then, your sorrows cease; if not,
Think how unhappy they
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which should guilt wash away.

CIV. This Resignation could

Of tears that gush profuse restrain;
Whence burst the dismal sighs?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth!) most happy rise.

CV. This Resignation could

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care.

CVI. This Resignation could

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as absolute
As all had been but one.

CVII. The dimmest corner

And is he then so near? so kind?
How little then, and great,

That riddle, Man ! O let me gaze
At wonders in his fate !

CVIII.

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep.

CIX.

How mean ! and yet if well obey'd
His mighty Master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too small :

CX.

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the dust !
Account amazing ! yet most true ;
My song is bold, yet just.

CXI.

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can destroy
The pow'r in exquisite extremes
To suffer, or enjoy,

CXII.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd, and undone !
Imprison'd in unbounded space !
Benighted by the sun !

CXIII.

For what's the sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
Of uncreated day ?

450

CXIV.

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to please ;
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as these.

455

CXV.

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not say
Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
Nay fright us, with its love ;

460

CXVI.

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
So formidably spoke ?

CXVII.

And are we darker than that sun ?
Than rocks more hard, and blind ?
We are ;—if not to such a God
In agonies resign'd.

465

CXVIII.

Yea, even in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty Love ;

470

Whate'er endears eternity,

Is mercy from above.

CXIX.

What most embitters time, that most

Eternity endears;

And thus, by plunging in distress,

475

Exalts us to the spheres;

CXX.

Joy's fountain-head! where bliss o'er bliss,

O'er wonders wonders rise,

And an Omnipotence prepares

Its banquet for the wise;

480

CXXI.

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines

Nectareous to the soul!

What transports sparkle from the stream,

As angels fill the bowl!

CXXII.

Fountain profuse of ev'ry bliss!

485

Good-will immense prevails:

Man's line can't fathom its profound;

An angel's plummet fails.

CXXIII.

Thy love and might, by what they know

Who judge, nor dream of more;

490

They ask a drop, how deep the sea?

One sand, how wide the shore?

CXXIV.

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!

The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is he,

CXXV.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown?
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in ether thrown!

CXXVI.

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate and adore.

CXXVII.

Since thou art infinite in pow'r,
Nor thy indulgence less;
Since man, quite impotent, and blind,
Oft' drops into distress;

CXXVIII.

Say, what is Resignation? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood;
And Wisdom grasping, with an hand
Far stronger, every good.

CXXIX.

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,
In thee who dare not trust;

Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murm'ring in the dust.

515

CXXX.

For man to murmur or repine
At what by thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain
Of darkness in the sun.

520

CXXXI.

Who would not, with an heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and Goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough?

CXXXII.

What tho' I'm swallow'd in the deep?
Tho' mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah safe
I'm landed, and adore.

525

CXXXIII.

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form:
Roar, Waves! rage, Winds! I know that thou
Canst save me by a storm.

530

CXXXIV.

From thee immortal spirits born,
To thee their fountain flow,
If wise, as curl'd around to theirs
Meandring streams below.

535

CXXXV.

Not less compell'd by Reason's call,
To thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by Nature's law,
High mounts material fire: 540

CXXXVI.

To thee aspiring they exult;
I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies.

CXXXVII.

Since ardent thirst of future good,
And gen'rous sense of past,
To thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And binds affection fast.

CXXXVIII.

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim, pronounce us all
Distracted or resign'd:

CXXXIX.

Resign'd thro' duty, int'rest, shame;
Deep shame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous truth!) in heav'n itself
Joy ow'd its birth to pain? 555

CXL.

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;

And shall one drop, to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty soul? 566

CXLI.

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime
Can indignation raise?

The sun was lighted up to shine,

And man was born to praise:

CXLII.

And when to praise thee man shall cease,
Or sun to strike the view;

A cloud dishonours both, but man's

The blacker of the two.

CXLIII.

For, oh! ingratitude how black!

With most profound amaze 570

At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,

Astonish'd angels gaze.

CXLIV.

Praise cheers, and warms, like gen'rous wine;

Praise, more divine than pray'r:

Pray'r points our ready path to heav'n; 575

Praise is already there.

CXLV.

Let plausible Resignation rise,

And banish all complaint;

All virtues thronging into one,

It finishes the saint; 580

CXLVI.

Makes the man blest'd as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;

Darts beams thro' Fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our sun by night.

CXLVII.

'Tis Nature's brightest ornament,
The richest gift of Grace,

Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace:

CXLVIII.

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Of rapture 'twill impart;

Know, Madam! "when your heart's in heav'n,
"All heav'n is in your heart."

CXLIX.

But who to heav'n their hearts can raise?
Deny'd divine support,

All virtue dies; support divine
The wife with ardour court:

CL.

When pray'r partakes the seraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,

Bursts thro' heav'n's crystal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King.

CLI.

The lab'ring soul from sore distress
That blest'd expedient frees;

I see you far advanc'd in peace;

I see you on your knees.

CLII.

How on that posture has the beam

Divine for ever shone?

An humble heart, God's other seat * †

The rival of his throne.

CLIII.

And stoops Omnipotence so low?

And condescends to dwell

Eternity's inhabitant,

Well-pleas'd, in such a cell?

CLIV.

Such honour how shall we repay?

How treat our guest divine?—

The sacrifice supreme be slain!

Let self-will die : *Resign.*

CLV.

Thus far, at large, on our disease;

Now, let the cause be shown,

Whence rises, and will ever rise,

The dismal human groan.

CLVI.

What our sole fountain of distress?

Strong passion for this scene;

That trifles makes important, things

Of mighty moment mean.

* Isaiah lvii. 15.

; CLVII. *How far and how long*

When earth's dark maxims poison shed 625
On our polluted souls, *How*

Our hearts and int'rests fly as far *How on that point*
Asunder as the poles. *Divine for ever those*

! CLVIII. *Go forth, O humble heart*

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd *The rival of his throne*
Unknown their royal race, 630

With abject aims and sordid joys *And stoop O monarch*
Our grandeur we disgrace. *And condescend to dwell*

CLIX. *Fortify's impudent*

O for an Archimedes new, *How glorious, in such a place*
Of moral pow'rs possess'd, *How*

The world to move and quite expel 635
That traitor from the breast! *How true our guest*

CLX. *The sacrifice requires*

No small advantage may be reap'd *How will this*
From thought whence we descend ;

From weighing well, and prizing, weigh'd, *How far*
Our origin and end; 640

CLXI. *Wonders rise, and will*

From far above the glorious sun *The divine power*
To this dim scene we came;

And may, if wise, for ever bask *What our life*
In great Jehovah's beam : *Mean passion*

CLXII. *Against*

Let that bright beam, on reason rous'd, 645
In awful lustre rise, *How*

Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies:

CLXIII.

Earth's glories, too, their splendour lost,
Those phantoms charm no more,
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian rhines are poor:

CLXIV.

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave:

CLXV.

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

CLXVI.

When, human glory rises high
As human glory can;
When, tho' the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man:

CLXVII.

The man is dead where virtue fails;
And tho' the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gandy shroud.

CLXVIII.

Wisdom! where art thou? None on earth,
 Tho' grasping wealth, fame, power, 670
 But what, O Death! thro' thy approach
 Is wiser ev'ry hour.

CLXIX.

Approach how swift! how unconfin'd!
 Worms feast on viands rare;
 Those little epicures have kings 675
 To grace their bill of fare.

CLXX.

From kings what resignation due
 To that almighty Will,
 Which thrones bestows; and, when they fail,
 Can throne them higher still! 680

CLXXI.

Who truly great? the good and brave,
 The masters of a mind
 The will divine to do resolv'd;
 To suffer it resign'd.

CLXXII.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
 The trifle you receive 685
 Is dated from a solemn scene,
 The border of the grave;

CLXXIII.

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
 Eternity's dread pow'r, 690

As bursting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour.

CLXXIV.

Hear this, V—taire! but this from me
Runs hazard of your frown :
However, spare it; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

CLXXV.

In mercy to yourself, forbear
My notions to chastise,
Lest unawares the gay V—taire
Should blame V—taire the wife.

CLXXVI.

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now makes us disagree;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
V—taire will close with me.

CLXXVII.

How shocking is that modesty
Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When brav'd by Folly's pen,

CLXXVIII.

Assaulting truths, of which in all
Is sown the sacred seed!
Our constitution's orthodox,
And closes with our creed.

CLXXIX.

What then are they whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast?

Wretches, who fight their own belief,—
And labour to be lost.

CLXXX.

Tho' Vice by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;

Thro' pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey;

CLXXXI.

Strict their devotion to the wrong,—
Tho' tempted by no prize;

Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies

CLXXXII.

From Fancy's forge : gay Fancy smiles
At Reason plain and cool;

Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

CLXXXIII.

V—taire ! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,

When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live ;

CLXXXIV.

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birth-day of their sorrow ;

Knowing it may be distant far, 735
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.

CLXXXV.

These are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine your genius, or your state,
No Castle * is my lot : 740

CLXXXVI.

But soon, quite level shall we lie;
And what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones.

CLXXXVII.

Hear you that sound? alarming sound! 745
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes *finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate.

CLXXXVIII.

Far other works will soon be weigh'd;
Far other judges sit; 750
Far other crowns be lost, or won,
Than fire ambitious wit :

CLXXXIX.

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,
Who sunk it in good sense,
And veneration most profound 755
Of dread Omnipotence.

* Letter to Lord Lyttleton.

CXC.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of blest'd eternity;
O may'st thou never, never lose
That more than golden key *!

760

CXCI.

Whate'er may seem too rough, excuse;
Your good I have at heart;
Since from my soul I wish you well,
As yet we must not part:

CXCII.

Shall you and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust,
That we are still alive?

765

CXCIII.

What have we left? how mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave?
When life, so vain! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take our leave.

770

CXCIV.

Happier, than happiest life his death,
Who, falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes *Vici* on his shield:

775

CXCV.

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize,

* Alluding to Prussia.

Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies. 780

CXCVI.

O how disorder'd our machine.
When contradictions mix!
When Nature strikes no less than twelve,
And Folly points at six!

CXCVII.

To mend the movements of your heart,
How great is my delight!
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright!

CXCVIII.

That hand, which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age.
Your antidote demands.

CXCIX.

To Satan dreadfully resign'd
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.

CC.

Men's praise your vanity pursues:
'Tis well, pursue it still;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll resign the will: 800

And how superior they to those
 At whose applause you aim;
 How very far superior they
 In number and in name! 804

POSTSCRIPT.

I.

Thus have I written, when to write
 No mortal should presume;
 Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.

II.

The public frowns, and censures loud 5
 My puerile employ:
 Tho' just the censure, if you smile,
 The scandal I enjoy.

III.

But sing no more—no more I sing,
 Or reassume the lyre, 10
 Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
 Where Raphael leads the choir.

IV.

What myriads swell the concert loud!
 Their golden harps resound 15
 High as the footstool of the throne,
 And deep as hell profound:

V.

Hell (horrid contrast!) chord and song
 Of raptur'd angels drowns

In Self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous burst of groans; 20

VI.

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)

From echoing pole to pole!

VII.

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies— 25

“ Above, beneath the sun,

“ Thro’ boundless age, by men, by gods,

“ Jehovah’s will be done.”

VIII.

’Tis done in heav’n; whence headlong hurl’d
Self-will, with Satan, fell; 30

And must from earth be banish’d too,

Or earth’s another hell.

IX.

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains;

Self-will’s the deadly foe

Which deepens all the dismal shades, 35

And points the shafts of Woe.

X.

Your debt to Nature fully paid,

Now Virtue claims her due;

But Virtue’s cause I need not plead,

’Tis safe; I write to you. 40

XI.
 You know, that Virtue's basis lies
 In ever judging right;
 And wiping Error's clouds away,
 Which dim the mental sight.

XII.
 Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
 From storm that safe resort;
 We are still tossing out at sea,
 Our admiral in port.

XIII.
 Was death deny'd, this world a scene
 How dismal and forlorn! 30
 To death we owe, that 'tis to man
 A blessing to be born.

XIV.
 When every other blessing fails,
 Or sapp'd by slow decay,
 Or storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
 Is swiftly hurl'd away; 55

XV.
 How happy! that no storm, or time,
 Of death can rob the just!
 None pluck from their unaching heads
 Soft pillows in the dust! 60

XVI.
 Well pleas'd to bear Heav'n's darkest frown,
 Your utmost pow'r employ;

'Tis noble chymistry to turn
Necessity to joy.

XVII.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate shall be my choice;
Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
To praise and to rejoice.

XVIII.

What ample cause! triumphant hope!
O rich Eternity!
I start not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.

XIX.

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious dost thou shine!
And dart thro' sorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine.

XX.

The void of joy (with some concern
The truth severe I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel.

XXI.

Weigh this, ye pupils of V—taire!
From joyless murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you, of the three.

XXII.

Resign, resign : this lesson none 85
Too deeply can instill; XIX

A crown has been resign'd by more
Than have resign'd the will; XIX

XXIII.

Tho' will resign'd the meanest makes
Superior in renown, XIX 90
And richer in celestial eyes;
Than he who wears a crown.

XXIV.

Hence in the bosom of cold age
Is kindled a strange aim XIX
To shine in song, and bid me boast 95
The grandeur of my theme: XIX

XXV.

But, oh! how far presumption falls
Its lofty theme below! XIX
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers cease to flow. 100

XXVI.

First! Greatest! Best! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may rise XIX
To brand the writer; thou alone
Canst make our wisdom wise. XIX

XXVII.

And how unwise, how deep in guilt, 105
How infamous the fault,

" A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
" In deed beneath the taught!"

XXVIII.

Means most infallible to make
The world an infidel,
And with instructions most divine
To pave a path to hell.

110

XXIX.

O for a clean and ardent heart!
O for a soul on fire!
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels string the lyre!

115

XXX.

How cold is man! to him how hard,
(Hard what most easy seems)
" To set a just esteem on that,
" Which yet he——most esteems."

120

XXXI.

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

XXXII.

Of human nature, ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit, ne'er too low
Depress'd the daring thought.

125

128

ON THE
DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE,
AND THE
ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE.

Inscribed to

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

*Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices, in the
year 1714.*

-----Gaudia curis.

HOR.

SIR! I have long, and with impatience, sought
To ease the fulness of my grateful thought,
My fame at once and duty to pursue,
And please the public by respect to you.

Tho' you, long since beyond Britannia known, 5
Have spread your country's glory with your own,
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state. 10
Tho' you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Tho' rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens; virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir! the great esteem and honour due 15
I chose, that moment, to profess to you,
When sadness reign'd, when Fortune so severe
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,
And when no motive could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise, 20
But such as rise above, and far transcend,
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.

I sing!—but, ah! my theme I need not tell! 25
See ev'ry eye with conscious sorrow swell:
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only shew his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain. 30

Let us look back, (for who too oft' can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever new!)
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
And pay a constant tribute not their own.
Her summer heats nor fruits alone bestow, 35
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe;
And when black storms confess the distant sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won:
Revolving pleasures in their turn appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year. 40
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle!
Did partial Fortune on our virtue smile?
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand, 45
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim;
The Queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
'Tis Anna reigns; the Gallie squadrons fly. 50
We spread our canvass to the southern shore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the South resigns her store.
Her virtue sooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain;
Argyle and Churchill but the glory share, 55
While millions lie subdu'd by Anna's pray'r.

How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide, 60
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride;
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch descending angels spread, 65
And join'd their wings, a shelter o'er her head.

Tho' Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart;
She saw, and griev'd, to see the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait; 70

She shed her bounty piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain, 75
And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight! does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise!
Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down: 80
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.

How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise:

Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears, 85
Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?

Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?

Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever sought, it was a Queen that gave. 90

Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown;

And each unfriendly stroke from Fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot, 95
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.

Ye Numbers! who on your misfortunes thrive,
When first the dreadful blast of Fame arriv'd,

Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt! 1100
That grief which living Anna's love suppress'd,
Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.
A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd;
A second time our tender parents dy'd!

Heroes returning from the field we crown, 1105
And deify the haughty victor's frown;
His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.
Wisely to spend is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd transcends a million slain. 1110
When Time shall ask where once Ramilia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,
One drop of water that refresh'd the dry
Shall raise a fountain of eternal joy.

But ah! to that unknown and distant date 1115
Is Virtue's great reward push'd off by Fate;
Her random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.

August in native worth and regal state,
Anna sat arbitress of Europe's fate; 1120
To distant realms did ev'ry accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty Queen!
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place, 1125
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace:

The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies,

Thus end maturest honours of a crown!
This is the last conclusion of renown! 130

So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy
Breathes thro' his tube, he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And, by degrees, expands the glitt'ring ball;
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies 135
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.

'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom;
No groans unlock th' in exorable doom; 140
Why, then, this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage from our deep distress,
We learn how much in George the gods can bless.
Had a less glorious princess left the throne, 145
But half the hero had at first been shown;
An Anna falling all the King employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys:
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious Monarch! what a praise is thine! 150

Welcome, great Stranger! to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft' did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.

With pray'r we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet,
 With ardent wishes fill'd thy swelling sheet; 156
 And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
 We bending bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
 What hand but thine should conquer and compose,
 Join those whom int'rest joins, and chase our foes? 160
 Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
 And by his rival's greatness give him fame!
 Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
 And quit, without a blush, the British crown,
 Secure his honour, tho' he lose his store, 165
 And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great Sir! now first, at this late hour,
 In Britain's favour you exert your pow'r:
 To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
 The num'rous tokens of your princely grace. 170
 Whether you chuse to thunder on the Rhine,
 Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine:
 In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
 The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
 They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise, 175
 And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

All share; but may not we have leave to boast,
 That we contemplate and enjoy it most?
 This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by Fate
 On gentle Isis' bank a calm retreat, 180
 For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
 Has thro' the world her loyalty proclaim'd;

And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
 Her blood and treasure to support the throne;
 For England's church her latest accent strain'd, 185
 And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
 No wonder, then, her various ranks agree
 In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.

What tho' thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
 And seas divide thee from the British coast? 190
 The crown's impatient to inclose thy head;
 Why stay thy feet? the cloth of gold is spread.
 Our strict obedience thro' the world shall tell,
 That king's a Briton who can govern well. 194

THE INSTALMENT,

MDCXXVI.

To the Right Hon.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Quæstram meritis.

HOR.

WITH invocations some their breasts inflame;
I need no Muse, a Walpole is my theme.

Ye mighty Dead! ye garter'd Sons of Praise!
Our morning-stars! our boast in former days!
Which hov'ring o'er, your purple wings display, 5
Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop and attend: by one the knee be bound,
One throw the mantle's crimson folds around;
By that the sword on his proud thigh be plac'd,
This clasp the di'mond girdle round his waist; 10
His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread,
Wife Burleigh plant the plumage on his head,
And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
None press'd fair Glory with a swifter pace.

When Fate would call some mighty genius forth, 15
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid some fav'rite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his blood with gen'rous ardour boil;
His blood, from Virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course! 20

That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line,
Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See, Britain! see thy Walpole shine from far, 25
His azure ribbon and his radiant star;
A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe thro' Fortune's roughest tide.

If Peace still smiles, by this shall Commerce steer
A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere, 30
And gath'ring tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.
If War's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
Thro' that black cloud which, rising from the Thames,
With thunder form'd of Brunswick's wrath, is sent 35
To claim the seas, and awe the Continent:
This shall direct it where the bolt to throw,
A star for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the Muse shall kindle and aspire:
My breast, O Walpole! glows with grateful fire; 40
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poesy.
My fortune shews, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair:
By this thy partial smile from censure free, 45
'Twas meant for Merit, tho' it fell on me.

Since Brunswick's smile has authoris'd my Muse,
Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.

False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
 Which prostitute fair Fame to worthless men. 50
 This profanation of celestial fire
 Makes fools despise what Wisdom should admire.
 Let those I praise to distant times be known,
 Not by their author's merit but their own.
 If others think the task is hard, to weed 55
 From verse rank Flattery's vivacious seed,
 And rooted deep, one means must set them free;
 Patron! and Patriot! let them sing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignoble honours wear,
 Nor those retain when winter chills the year, 60
 The gen'rous orange, fav'rite of the sun,
 With vig'rous charms can thro' the seasons run;
 Defies the storm with her tenacious green,
 And flow'rs and fruits in rival pomp are seen;
 Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring, 65
 And 'midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.

On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
 At once her ornament and profit too;
 The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
 Matur'd and gilded by the royal beam. 70
 He, when the nipping blasts of Envy rise,
 Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise;
 Let fall no honours, but, securely great,
 Unfaded holds the colour of his fate;
 No winter knows, tho' ruffling factions press, 75
 By wisdom deeply rooted in success;

One glory shed, a brighter is display'd *,
And the charm'd Muses shelter in the shade.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name! 80
Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
But what chaste Truth indites old Time shall read.

" Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
" Which soon beat high for arts and public good;
" Whose glory great, but natural, appears, 85
" The genuine growth of services and years;
" No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
" And fondly gilt by partial majesty;
" One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease;
" One born to serve us, and yet born to please; 90
" Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
" The prince may trust, and yet the people praise;
" His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
" His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere;
" His counsel guides, his temper cheers, our ills, 95
" And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to smile."

Joy then to Britain, bless'd with such a son;
To Walpole joy! by whom the prize is won;
Who, nobly conscious, meets the smiles of Fate;
True greatness lies in daring to be great. 100
Let dastard souls, in affectation, run
To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty to Virtue's cause.

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter,

Honours which make the face of Virtue fair, 105
 'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear;
 'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
 Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
 Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
 And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time. 110

Proud chiefs, alone in fields of slaughter fam'd,
 Of old this azure bloom of glory claim'd;
 As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
 The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
 Now rival Wisdom dares the wreath divide, 115
 And both Minervas rise in equal pride,
 Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne
 Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.
 Let Fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
 They coldly court desert who Fame despise: 120
 For what's ambition but fair Virtue's sail?
 And what applause but her propitious gale?
 When, swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
 To glorious aims, as to the port design'd;
 When chain'd, without it, to the lab'ring oar, 125
 She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore;
 From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
 By blasts of Envy or by Fortune's tide;
 For one that has succeeded ten are lost,
 Of equal talents, ere they make the coast. 130

Then let Renown to worth divine incite
 With all her beams, but throw those beams aright.

Then Merit droops, and Genius downward tends,
 When godlike Glory, like our land, descends.
 Custom the Garter long confin'd to sew, 135
 And gave to birth exalted virtue's due :
 Walpole has thrown the proud inclosure down,
 And high Desert embraces fair Renown.
 Tho' rivall'd, let the peerage smiling see
 (Smiling in justice to their own decree) 140
 This proud reward of majesty bestow'd
 On worth like that whence first the peerage flow'd.
 From frowns of Fate Britannia's bliss to guard,
 Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.
 Gods are most gods by giving to excel, 145
 And kings most like them by rewarding well.

Tho' strong the twanging nerve, and, drawn aright,
 Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
 But if an eagle it transfix on high,
 Lodg'd in the wound it soars into the sky. 150

Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
 And wound, perhaps, that worth I mean to praise,
 Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
 Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more; for in this dread suspense of Fate 155
 Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
 Weigh peace and war; now Europe's eyes are bent
 On mighty Brunswick for the great event;
 Brunswick! of kings the terror or defence!
 Who dares detain thee at a world's expense? 160

THE FOREIGN ADDRESS;

OCCASIONED BY THE

BRITISH FLEET,

AND THE

POSTURE OF AFFAIRS,

MDCCLXXXIV.

Written in the character of a sailor.

Musa dedit fidibus divos puerosque Deorum. HOR.

I.

Ye guardian Gods! who wait on kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising thought, solicit, I beseech,
For a poor stranger come from far;
Procure a suppliant traveller
Ease of access, and the soft hour of speech.

II.

'Tis gain'd. Hail, Monarchs great and wise!
From distant climes and dusky skies,
O'er seas and lands I flew, your ear to claim:
Yours is the sun and purple vine;
Deep in the frozen North I pine;
Nor vine nor sun could warm me like my theme.

III.

A theme how great! on yonder tide
 A leafless forest spreading wide,
 The labour of the deep, my Muse surveys **15**
 A Fleet whose empire o'er the wave
 You grant time strengthens, Nature gave,
 Now big with death, the terror of the seas!

IV.

Ye great by Sea! ye Shades ador'd!
 Who fir'd the bomb and bath'd the sword, **20**
 Arise! arise! arise! 'tis Britain charms;
 Arise, ye boast of former wars!
 And, pointing to your glorious scars,
 Rouse me to verse, your martial sons to arms.

V.

'Tis done: and see! sweet Clio brings **25**
 From heav'n her deep-resounding strings:
 Clio! the god * which gave thy charming shell,
 Demands its most exalted strain
 To sing the sov'reign of the main:
 Of Ocean's queen what wonders wilt thou tell? **30**

VI.

Such wonders as may pass for sport
 Or vision in a southern court:
 But, mighty Thrones! those truths which make me
 Your fathers saw, your sons shall see; [glow **35**
 Then quit your infidelity.
 Some truths 'tis better to believe than know.

* Neptune.

VII.

Believe me, Kings! at Britain's nod,
 From each enchanted grove and wood,
 Huge oaks stalk down th' unshaded mountain's side;
 The lofty pines assume new forms,
 Fly round the globe, and live in storms,
 And tread and triumph on the wond'ring tide.

VIII.

She nods again: the lab'ring earth
 Discloses a stupendous birth;
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore;
 Thence monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous nature, frowning rise,
 Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

IX.

These ministers of Wrath fulfil,
 On empires wide, an island's will:
 Ye Nations! know; know, all ye sceptred Pow'rs!
 In sulph'rous night, and massy balls,
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
 When stern Britannia's awful senate low'rs.

X.

Bold is the style when hearts are bold:
 Would Britain have her anger told?
 O! never let a meaner language sound
 Than that which thro' black ether rolls,
 Than that which prostrates human souls,
 And rocks pale realms, when angry Jove has frown'd.

XI.

In peace she sheathes her courage keen,
 And spares her nitrous magazine;
 Her cannon slumber at the world's desire;
 But give just cause, at once they blaze,
 At once they thunder from the seas,
 Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

XII.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
 And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
 In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
 Whilst all serene, and hush'd above,
 The boist'rous winds in azure chambers sleep.

XIII.

This, this, my Monarchs! is the scene
 For hearts of proof, for gods of men;
 Here War's whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent!
 You sport in arms; how pale, how tame,
 How lambent is Bellona's flame!
 How her storms languish on the Continent!

XIV.

A swarm of deaths the mighty bomb
 Now scatters from her glowing womb;
 Now the chain'd bolts, in dread alliance join'd,
 Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
 And leave a sing'd and naked hull behind.

XV.

Now—but I'm struck with pale despair. 85
 My Patrons! what a burst was there!
 The strong-ribb'd barks at once dislodging fly!
 Infatiate Death! compendious Fate!
 Deep wound to some brave bleeding state!
 One moment's guilt a thousand heroes die. 90

XVI.

The great, gay, graceful, young, and brave,
 (Short obsequies!) the sable wave
 Involves in endless night! Ye graveless Dead!
 Where are your conquests now you rove
 Pale, pensive, thro' the coral grove, 95
 Or shrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

XVII.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
 Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
 Low lie the brows for which the wreath's design'd,
 In sea-weed wrapt. Alas! how vain 100
 The hope, the joy, the grief, the pain,
 The love, and godlike valour, of mankind!

XVIII.

Of brass his heart who durst explore,
 Shut up in triple brass and more,
 Who when explor'd the secret durst explain, 105
 How, in one instant, at one blow,
 The maiden's sigh, the mother's throe,
 Of half a widow'd land to render vain.

XIX.

See! yon' cowl'd friar in his cell,
 With sulphur, flame, and crucible: 110
 And can the charms of gold that saint inspire!
 O cursed cause! O curs'd event!
 O wondrous power of accident!
 He rivals gods, and sets the globe on fire.

XX.

But the rank growth of modern ill 115
 Too well deserv'd that fatal skill,
 The skill by which destruction swiftly runs,
 And seas, and lands, and worlds, lays waste
 With far more terror, far more haste,
 Than ancient Nimrod and his haughty sons. 120

XXI.

In frown and force old War must yield:
 The chariot scyth'd, which mow'd the field,
 The ram, the castled elephant, were tame,
 Tame to rang'd ordnance, which denies,
 Superior terror to the skies, 125
 And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame.

XXII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
 The night by day, the sea of blood,
 Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell, the sinking throng,
 The graveless dead, and ocean warm'd, 130
 A firmament by mortals storm'd,
 To wrong'd Britannia's angry brow belong.

XXIII.

Or do I dream or do I rave?
 Or do I see the gloomy cave
 Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame?
 The swarthy gods of toil and heat 136
 Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XXIV.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call;
 Let your unfinish'd labours fall, 140
 That shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
 Suspend your toils, ye brawny Throng!
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XXV.

Begin: and, first, take winged flight, 145
 Fierce flames, and clouds of thickest night,
 And trembling Terror, paler than the dead;
 Then borrow from the North his roar,
 Mix groans and death; one phial pour
 Of dread Britannia's wrath, and it is made. 150

XXVI.

Yet, Peace celestial! may thy charms
 Still fire our breasts, tho' clad in arms:
 If scenes of blood avenging Fates decree,
 For thee the sword brave Britons wield;
 For thee charge o'er th' embattled field, 155
 Or plunge thro' seas, thro' crimson seas, for thee.

XXVII.

Ev'n now for peace the gods are prais'd;
 We woo the nations to be blest'd;
 For peace, victorious Kings! we call to you:
 For peace on pinions of the dove,
 Soft emblem of eternal love! 160
 Thro' trackless air, and desert skies, I flew.

XXVIII.

My former lays*, of rough contents,
 Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
 Were but as peals of ordnance to confess 165
 Your height of dignity, to clear
 Your deaf, your late-obstructed ear,
 And wake attention to more mild address.

XXIX.

Have I not heard you both declare,
 Your hearts detest the purple war, 170
 And melt in anguish for the world's repose!
 Hail, then! all hail! your wish is crown'd,
 Your godlike zeal thro' time renown'd,
 Thro' Europe blest'd, with joy her heart o'erflows.

XXX.

Your friend, your brother of the North, 175
 To meet your arms comes smiling forth,
 And leads soft-handed Peace: how pow'rful he!
 His num'rous race, the blossoms bright
 Of golden empire, radiant sight!
 Endless beam on into eternity. 180

* The foregoing stanzas.

XXXI.

What long allies!—the virgin train
 Your most obdurate foes may gain:
 See how their charms in lineal lustre shine!
 Thro' ev'ry genuine branch the fire
 Has darted rays of temper'd fire; 185
 The mother breath'd soft air, and bloom divine.

XXXII.

How fair the field! ye Aonian bees*!
 The flow'rs ambrosial fondly seize,
 Luxurious draw the sweet Hyblean strain;
 That gods may lean from heav'n to hear, 190
 And my thron'd Patron's ravish'd ear
 The soul's rich nectar drink, and thirst again.

XXXIII.

Ev'n mine they taste, and with success:
 Ambition's fumes my strains repress;
 The fever flies; no noxious thoughts ferment; 195
 No frenzy, taking friends for foes;
 The pulse subsides; they seek repose;
 Nor I my winged embassy repent.

XXXIV.

No: by the blood of Blenheim's plain
 I swear the rumour'd war is vain: 200
 Shall Gallic faith and friendship ever cease?
 I swear by Europe's lovely dread,
 I swear by great Eliza's shade,
 The wise Iberian is the friend of peace.

* Ye poets.

XXXV.

Yet, lest I fail, (for prophets old 205
 Not all infallibly foretold)
 We set our naval terrors in array.
 Know, Britons! an Augustus reigns;
 If foes compel, send forth your chains,
 While haughty thrones, uncensur'd, might obey. 210

XXXVI.

O, could I sing as you have fought;
 I'd raise a monument of thought.
 Bright as the sun!—How you burn at my heart!
 How the drums all around
 Soul-rising resound! 215
 Swift drawn from the thigh,
 How the swords flame on high!
 How the cannons' deep knell
 Fates of kingdoms foretel!
 How to battle, to battle, our fathers brave part, 220
 How to battle, to conquest, to triumph, we dart!

XXXVII.

But who gives conquest? he whose ray
 To darkness turns the blaze of day;
 Whose boundless favour far outflows the main;
 Whose pow'r the raging waves can still, 225
 And curb more rebel human will.—
 With peace O bless us! or in war sustain.

XXXVIII.

Dost thou sustain?—Ye twinkling Fry!
 That swim the seas, glide gently by;

Tho' your scales glitter, tho' your numbers swarm,
 Ah! gently glide, for life's dear sake, 231
 Nor dare leviathan awake,
 Who spouts a river, and who breathes a storm.

XXXIX.

And now who censures this Address?
 Thus crowns, states, common men, make peace; 235
 They swell, sooth, double, dive, swear, pray, defy;
 And when rank Int'rest has prevail'd,
 And Artifice the treaty seal'd,
 Stark Love and Conscience own the bastard tie.

XL.

Ambassadors! ye mouths of kings! 240
 Ye missive monarchs! empire's wings!
 What tho' the Muse your province proudly chose?
 'Tis a reprisal fairly made,
 Her province you long since invade,
 Ye perfect Poets! in the vale of prose. 245

XLI.

More safe, O Muse! that humble vale,
 Than the proud surge and stormy gale:
 Thy dang'rous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er:
 Dulness and Frenzy curse thy streams,
 Rocks, infamous for murder'd names! 250
 O! strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore.

XLII.

While warmer climes, in cooler strains,
 Or tented fields, or dusty plains,

The bleeding horse and horseman hurl to ground,
 'Tis mine to sing, and sing the first, 255
 That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
 Of war, which bellows thro' the seas profound.

XLIII.

Nor mean the song, or great my blame;
 When such the patrons, such the theme,
 Who might not glow, soar, paint, with rage divine?
 Truth, simple Truth, I proudly dress'd 261
 In Fancy's robe, her flow'ry vest
 Dipp'd in the curious colours of the Nine.

XLIV.

But, ah! 'tis past; I sink; I faint;
 Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint; 265
 The reflux raptures from my bosom roll;
 To heav'n returns the sacred maid,
 And all her golden visions fade,
 Ne'er to revisit my tumultuous soul.

XLV.

My vocal Shell! which Thetis form'd 270
 Beneath the waves which Venus warm'd
 With all her charms, (if ancient tales be true)
 And in thy pearly bosom glow'd
 Ere Pæan silver chords bestow'd;
 My Shell! which Clio gave, which kings applaud, 275
 Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
 Adieu, pacific Lyre! my laurell'd Thrones! adieu.
 Hear, Atticus! your sailor's song: I sing, I live for you.

SOME THOUGHTS,

OCCASIONED BY THE
PRESENT JUNCTURE *.

Inscribed to

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illustrious in far more than pow'r.
Great things are small when greater rise to view.
Tho' station'd high, and press'd with public cares,
Disdain not to peruse my serious song,
Which, peradventure, may push by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counsels less mature;
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.

Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in senates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of use to those, so this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatness prove its title to be great.
'Tis Pow'r's supreme prerogative to stamp
On others' minds an image of its own.
Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem

* The late rebellion in 1745,

The stream that sweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt;
Far as thou may'st give life to Virtue's cause;
Let not the ties of personal regard
Betray the nation's trusts to feeble hands: 25
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
Nor Lewdness whisper where the laws can reach:
Let not best laws, the wisdom of our sires, 30
Turn satires on their sunk degenerate sons,
The bastards of their blood! and serve no point
But, with more emphasis, to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine support. 35

Such deeds the Minister, the Prince, adorn;
No pow'r is shown but in such deeds as these:
All, all is impotence but acting right;
And where's the statesman but would shew his pow'r?
'To prince and people thou, of equal zeal! 40
Be it henceforward but thy second care
To grace thy country, and support the throne;
Tho' this supported, that adorn'd so well.
A throne superior our first homage claims;
To Cæsar's Cæsar our first tribute due: 45
A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong
And splendid sacrilege of all beside:
Illustrious fellows; we must first be just;

And what so just as awe for the Supreme?
Less fear we rugged ruffians of the North, 50
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
Less Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace: 55
Yon' savage mountaineers are tame to these.

Against those rioters send forth the laws,
And break to Reason's yoke their wild careers.

Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Tho' some seem more importunate and great. 60
Tho' Britain's gen'rous views and int'rests spread
Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
And their grand entries make on distant lands;
Tho' Britain's Genius the wide wave bestrides,
And, like a vast Colossus, tow'ring stands. 65
With one foot planted on the Continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Tho' such high cares should call as call'd of late;
The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop a while; 70
For greater drop it: ponder and adjust
The rival int'rests and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
Sublimest theme! and needful as sublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd, 75
Thus Walsingham and Raleigh (Britain's boasts!)

Thus every statesman thought that ever—dy'd.
There's inspiration in a fable hour,
And Death's approach makes politicians wise.
When, thunderstruck, that eagle Wolsey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gasping grandeur! naked on the strand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Assistance; no more wallowing in his wealth, 85
Spouting proud foams of insolence no more,
On what, then, smote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And sunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article, the sum of things!
The point of the first magnitude! that point 90
Tubes, mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud still intercepts their sight.
First right to judge; then chuse; then persevere,
Stedfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd.—
These, these are politics will stand the test, 95
When finer politics their masters sting,
And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
These, these are politics will answer now,
(When common men would fain to statesmen swell)
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme. 100
All safety rests on honest counsels: these
Immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
Make the prince triumph, and the people smile:
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,

Close-leagu'd with an invincible ally : 105
 Which honest counsels never fail to fix
 In favour of an unabandon'd land ;
 A land—that starts at such a land as this,
 A parliament, so principled, will sink
 All ancient schools of empire in disgrace : 110
 And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
 Will fill the world, loud Fame's superior song.
 Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm ;
 It warms the blood, tho' frozen in our veins ;
 Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field, 115
 Enamour'd of the glorious face of Death.
 Britain!—there's noble magic in the sound.
 O what illustrious images arise!
 Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
 By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes, 120
 What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
 Ye radiant Trophies! and imperial Spoils!
 Ye Scenes!—astonishing to modern sight!
 Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream.
 Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike Strangers! stay. 125
 Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
 High beats the pulse; the noble pulse of War
 Beats to that ancient measure, that grand march
 Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd,
 And ev'ry battle paid for heroes slain. 130
 No more our great forefathers stain our cheeks
 With blushes; their renown our shame no more.

In military garb, and sudden arms,
Up starts Old Britain; crossiers are laid by;
Trade wields the sword, and Agriculture leaves 135
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harvests fire
A nobler av'rice, av'rice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.
In distant courts is our commotion felt;
And less like gods sit monarchs on their thrones. 140
What arm can want or sinews or success,
Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends
With all the weight of British wrath, to cleave
The Papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every stroke, and save a sinking land? 145
Or death or victory must be resolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds, the crucifix display'd
Fools think heav'n purchas'd by the blood they shed;
By giving, not supporting, pains and death! 150
Nor simple death! where they the greatest saints
Who most subdue all tenderness of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whose darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes; 155
To save us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themselves with earth content:
What modesty!—such virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,
Whose name from Jesus, and whose arts from hell!

And shall a Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore, 161
 Replete with vandom, guiltless of a sting,
 And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that scrap'd
 Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
 To cut his passage to the British throne? 165
 One that has suck'd in malice with his milk,
 Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
 Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,
 The howling nurse of plund'ring Romulus,
 Ere yet far worse than Pagan harbour'd there. 170

Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain still!
 Britain! high favour'd of indulgent Heav'n!
 Nature's anointed Empress of the deep!
 The nurse of merchants, who can purchase crowns!
 Supreme in commerce! that exub'rant source 175
 Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
 The circling current in a nation's veins,
 To set high bloom on the fair face of Peace!
 This once so celebrated seat of power,
 From which escap'd the mighty Cæsar triumph'd!
 Of Gallic lilies this eternal blast! 181
 This terror of Armadas! this true bolt
 Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
 Salmonean thunders from the Papal chair!
 This small isle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe!
 Which says to their ambition's foaming waves, 186
 "Thus far, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
 Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;

Renown, our ancestors' great legacy,
 To be transmitted to their latest sons. 190
 By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
 Their cancell'd will is impiously profan'd,
 Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.

Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
 By your own valour won. This sacred isle, 195
 Cut from the Continent, that world of slaves;
 This temple built by Heav'n's peculiar care,
 In a recess from the contagious world,
 With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
 And dedicated, long, to Liberty, 200
 That health, that strength, that bloom, of civil life!
 This temple of still more divine; of faith
 Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
 Like gold, to take anew Truth's heav'nly stamp,
 And (rising both in lustre and in weight) 205
 With her blest'd Master's unmalm'd image shine;
 Why should she longer droop? why longer act
 As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
 Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword,
 And give him leave, among his dastard troops, 210
 To muster that strong succour, Albion's crimes?
 Send his self-impotent ambition aid,
 And crown the conquest of her fiercest foes?
 Where are her foes most fatal? blushing Truth,
 "In her friends' vices," — with a sigh replies. 215
 Empire on Virtue's rock unshaken stands;

Flux, as the billows, when in vice dissolv'd.
If Heav'n reclaims us by the scourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim, 220
But be the revolution—in our hearts!

Wouldst thou (whose hand is at the helm) the bark,
The shaken bark of Britain, should out-ride
The present blast, and ev'ry future storm?
Give it that balast which alone has weight 225
With him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
Persist. Are others subtle? thou be wise:
Above the Florentine's court-science raise;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the just: 230
Thus strengthen Britain's military strength;
Give its own terror to the sword she draws.
Ask you, "What mean I?"—The most obvious truth;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once disarm'd, disarm'd 235
Of aid from him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from him by whom the feeble stand;
Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,
Or gives the sword commission to destroy;
Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom;— 240
Emaſculated, then, most manly might;
Or, tho' the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd Weakness foils the sinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted pow'r:

Our naval thunders, and our tented fields 245
 With travell'd banners fanning southern climes,
 What do they? This; and more what can they do?
 When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,
 The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war,
 By such bold inroads into foreign lands, 250
 Such elongation of our armaments,
 But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,
 While Heav'n commands her executioner,
 Some less abandon'd nation, to discharge
 Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow, 255
 And tell the world, "Not strong is human strength;
 "And that the proudest empire holds of Heav'n."

O Britain! often rescu'd, often crown'd,
 Beyond thy merit or most sanguine hopes,
 With all that's great in war or sweet in peace! 260
 Know from what source thy signal blessings flow.
 Tho' bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
 Tho' cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
 Tho' fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
 Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard; 265
 In him who thee, tho' naked, could defend;
 Tho' weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could restore.

How oft', to tell what arm defends thine isle,
 To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
 Have the winds snatch'd the victory from War? 270
 Or, rather, won the day, when War despair'd?
 How oft' has providential succour aw'd,

Aw'd while it blest'd us, conscious of our guilt?
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too! 275

Well may we tremble now; what manners reign?
But wherefore ask we, when a true reply
Would shock too much? Kind Heav'n! avert events
Whose fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heav'n's half-bared arm of vengeance has been wav'd
In northern skies, and pointed to the south. 281
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the suspended storm. 285

"That public vice portends a public fall!"
Is this conjecture of advent'rous Thought?
Or pious Coward's pulpit-cushion'd dream?
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What says Experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals spread
Around her? What says Reason, eagle-ey'd?
Nay, what says Common sense, with common Care
Weighing events, and causes, in her scale?
All give one verdict, one decision sigh;
And this the sentence Delphos could not mend: 295

"Whatever secondary props may rise
"From politics, to build the public peace,
"The basis is the manners of the land.
"When rotten these, the politician's wiles 300

" But struggle with destruction, as a child
 " With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
 " The statesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
 " Or military phantoms void of force,
 " But scare away the vultures for an hour; 305
 " The scent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
 " The stench of profligates?) soon lures them back;
 " On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
 " Soon they return; soon make their full descent;
 " Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin; 310
 " Their idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our spoils,
 " Of universal empire sure presage!
 " Till now repell'd by seas of British blood."

And whence the manners of the multitude?
 The colours of their manners, black or fair, 315
 Falls from above; from the complexion falls
 Of state Othellos, or white men in power:
 And from the greater height example falls,
 Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
 In ranks inferior, passive to the stroke: 320
 From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
 The pulpit presses, but the pattern drives.
 What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and strong
 To duty, double duty, are the great?
 And are there Samsons that can burst them all? 325
 Yes; and great minds that stand in need of none,
 Whose pulse beats virtue, and whose gen'rous blood
 Aids mental motives, to push on renown,

In emulation of their glorious fires,
From whom rolls down the consecrated stream. 330

Some sow good seed in the glad people's hearts,
Some curst tares, like Satan, in the text:
This makes a foe most fatal to the state;
A foe who, (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes, 335
Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boasted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by second-sighted Scots,
French Magi, relics riding post from Rome,
A Gothic hero * rising from the dead, 340
And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
With succour suitable from lower still)
A foe who, these concurring to the charm,
Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root, 345
And lay the boast of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with supple's wealth
And blood illustrious, (spite of her La Hogue's,
Her Cresseys, and her Blenheims) in the dust.

How must this strike a horror thro' the breast, 350
Thro' ev'ry gen'rous breast where honour reigns,
Thro' ev'ry breast where honour claims a share?
Yes, and thro' ev'ry breast of honour void?
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into spirit: give them fire 355

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

To fight the cause, the black opprobrious cause,
 Foul core of all ! corruption at our hearts.
 What wreck of empire has the stream of Time
 Swept, with their vists, from the mountain-height
 Of grandeur, daisy'd by half mankind,
 To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
 Or flagrant Infamy's eternal brand !
 Those names, at which surrounding nations shook,
 Those names ador'd, a misfance ! or forgot !
 Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye,
 But Nature's course ; no single chance against it.

For know, my Lord ! 'tis writ in adamant,
 'Tis fix'd, as is the basis of the world,
 Whose kingdoms stand or fall by the decree.
 What saw these eyes, surpris'd ?—Yet why surpris'd ?—
 For aid divine the crisis seem'd to call,
 And how divine was the admonition given ?
 As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
 My peace disturb'd by rumours from the North,
 While thunder, o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
 As giving signal of some strange event,
 And Ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
 Albion the Fair ! so long his empire's queen,
 Whose reign is, now, contested by her foes,
 On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
 Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
 By Fate's own iron pen I saw it writ,
 And thus the title ran :

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

"Ye States! and Empires! nor of empires least,
 "Tho' least in size; hear, Britain! thou whose lot, 385
 "Whose final lot, is in the balance laid!
 "Irresolutely play the doubtful scales, [from me,
 "Nor know'st thou which will win.—Know, then,
 "As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise:
 "State-ministers, as upright or corrupt, 390
 "Are balm or poison in a nation's veins;
 "Health or distemper; hasten or retard
 "The period of her pride, her day of doom:
 "And tho', for reasons obvious to the wise,
 "Just Providence deals otherwise with men, 395
 "Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
 "'Tis fix'd! by Fate irrevocably fix'd!
 "Virtue and Vice are Empire's life and death."

Thus it is written.—Heard you not a groan?
 Is Britain on her deathbed?—No, that groan 400
 Was utter'd by her foes.—But soon the scale,
 If this divine monition is despis'd,
 May turn against us. Read it, ye who Rule!
 With rev'rence read; with steadfastness believe;
 With courage act as such belief inspires; 405
 Then shall your glory stand like Fate's decree;
 Then shall your name in adamant be writ,
 In records that defy the tooth of Time,
 By nations fav'd, resounding your applause.
 While deep beyond your monument's proud base,

In black Oblivion's kennel, shall be trod 412
 Their execrable names who, high in power,
 And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,
 (The meteors of the state) give Vice her head,
 To license lewd, let loose the public rein; 415
 Quench ev'ry spark of conscience in the land;
 And triumph in the profligate's applause;
 Or who to the first bidder sell their souls,
 Their country sell, sell all their fathers bought
 With funds exhausted and exhausted veins, 420
 To demons, by his Holiness ordain'd
 To propagate the gospel—penn'd at Rome;
 Hawk'd thro' the world by consecrated bulls;
 And how illustrated?—by Smithfield flames;
 Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
 Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf, 425
 Which gapes, and swallows all they swore to save;
 Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
 And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
 Of bodies politic that destin'd hell, 430
 Insisted here; since here their beings end;
 That vengeance, soon or late ordain'd to fall;
 And fall from foes detested and despis'd,
 On disbelievers—of the Statesman's Creed.

Note, here, my Lord! (unnoted yet it lies 435
 By most, or all) these truths political
 Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
 Seconds, and irresistibly supports,

The Christian Creed. Are you surpris'd?—Attend;
And on the Statesman's build a nobler name. 440

This punctual justice exercis'd on states,
With which authentic chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore must believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exist, 445
What is it but an argument of sense,
Or rather demonstration, to support
Our feeble faith—"That they who states compose,
"That men who stand not bounded by the grave,
"Shall meet like measure at their proper hour!" 450
For God is equal, similarly deals
With states and persons, or he were not God;
With means, a rectitude immutable,
A pattern sure of universal right.
What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd man? 455
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
Reply'd by politicians well as priests:
Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; these pronounce his doom.

Thus (what might seem a daring paradox) 460
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True masters there are better scholars here.
Who travel history in quest of schemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
May there start truths that other aims inspire; 465
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,

By Providence turn Christians on their road :
Digging for silver, they may strike on gold ;
May be surpris'd with better than they fought,
And entertain an angel unawares. 470

Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the statesman's praise.
All wisdoms are but branches of the chief, 475
And statesmen found but shoots of honest men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuse
For deviations in our moral line ?

This, and the next world, view'd with such an eye
As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view 480
His own exalted science, both conspire
To recommend and fix us in the right.

If we regard the politics of Heav'n,
The grand administration of the whole,
What's the next world ? a supplement of this : 485
Without it justice is defective here ;

Just as to states, defective as to men :
If so, what is this world ? as sure as right
Sits in Heav'n's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet ? then believe him too ; 490
His prophesy more precious than his smile.

How comes it then to pass, with most on earth,
That this should charm us, that should discompose ?
Long as the statesman finds this case his own,

So long his politics are uncomplete; 495
In danger he; nor is the nation safe,
But soon must rue his inauspicious pow'r.

What hence results? a truth that should resound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear:

"Religion crowns the statesman and the man, 500
"Sole source of public and of private peace."

This truth all men must own, and therefore will,
And praise and preach it too:—and when that's done
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.

What Highland pole-axe half so deep can wound? 505

But how dare I, so mean, presume so far?

Affume my seat in the Dictator's chair?

Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inspir'd)

Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,

Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes? 510

Two mighty columns rise in my support;

In their more awful and authentic voice,

Record profane and sacred, drown the Muse,

Tho' loud, and far out-threat her threat'ning song.

Still farther, Holles! suffer me to plead 515

That I speak freely, as I speak to thee.

Guilt only startles at the name of guilt;

And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise.

Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.

Praise, and immortal praise, is Virtue's claim; 520

And Virtue's sphere is action: yet we grant

Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,

Whose clangor kindles cowards into men.
 Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
 Which talks of immortality, and bids, 525
 In ev'ry British breast, true glory rise,
 As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.

To close, my Lord! with that which all should close
 And all begin, and strike us ev'ry hour,
 Tho' no war wak'd us, no black tempest frown'd.—
 The morning rises gay; yet gayest morn 535
 Less glorious after night's incumbent shades;
 Less glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
 With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
 Than the first feeble dawn of Moral day; 535
 Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend)
 Tho' the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns;
 Sole day worth his regard whom Heav'n ordains,
 Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
 From the sun's death, and ev'ry planet's fall, 540
 His all-illustrious and eternal year;
 Where statesmen and their monarchs, (names of awe
 And distance here) shall rank with common men,
 Yet own their glory never dawn'd before. 544

October 1765.

VERSES

Occasioned by that famous piece of the

CRUCIFIXION,

DONE BY MICHAEL ANGELO*.

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvass dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every spirit as it flies:
He studies torment; dives in mortal woe;
To rouse up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm, transplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

* Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased for this purpose. The man being extended, this wonderful artist directed that he should be stabbed in such parts of the body as he apprehended would occasion the most excruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of death in the most natural manner.

AN HISTORICAL

EPilogue TO THE BROTHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR.

AN Epilogue, thro' custom, is your right,
But ne'er, perhaps, was needful till this night.
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies;
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentic record read, 5
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade!
Vengeance so great, that, when his tale is told,
With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.

Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan : 10
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome swift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw :
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For this night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled :
His brother's ghost each moment made him start, 15
And all his father's anguish rent his heart.

When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung,
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe,
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow, 20
So sad the scene : what then must Perseus feel,
To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel?

To see the slaves of his worst foes increase
From such a source!—an emperor's embrace?
He sicken'd soon to death; and, what is worse, 25
He well deserv'd, and felt, the coward's curse;
Unpity'd, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vassal's pow'r.
His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign. 30
No suit retards, no comfort sooths his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—Dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling, shares his fate.
His throne forgot! his weeping country chain'd! 35
And nations ask—where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crimes pursue,
So public blessings are his virtues' due.
Shout, Britons! shout;—auspicious fortune blest;
And cry, Long live—our title to success! 40

CONTENTS.

	Page
Ode, occasioned by his Majesty's royal encouragement of the sea-service. To the King, 1728,	1
Ocean. An ode,	6
Sea-piece: containing, I. The British Sailor's exultation. II. His prayer before engagement.	
The Dedication. To Mr. Voltaire,	19
Ode the First,	22
Ode the Second,	26
<i>Imperium Pelagi</i> : a Naval Lyric. Written in imitation of Pindar's Spirit. Occasioned by his Majesty's return from Hanover, Sept. 1729, and the succeeding peace,	
Prelude,	34
Strain I.	36
Strain II.	45
Strain III.	52
Strain IV.	59
Strain V.	65
Moral,	73
Cloſe,	75
Chorus,	77

	Page
A paraphrase on part of the book of Job,	78
Resignation. In two parts. And a postscript. To Mrs. B *****	
Part I.	97
Part II.	129
Postscript,	168
On the Death of Q. Anne, and the Accession of K. George. Inscribed to Joseph Addison, Esq.	172
The Instalment, 1726. To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole,	180
The Foreign Address; occasioned by the British fleet, and the posture of affairs, 1734. Writ- ten in the character of a sailor,	186
Some thoughts, occasioned by the present junc- ture. Inscribed to the Duke of Newcastle,	198
Verses, occasioned by that famous piece of the crucifixion, done by Michael Angelo,	218
An Historical Epilogue to The Brothers,	219

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THE END.



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